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[SMIVINS ANNOUNCES A VISITOR.]

VINCENT LUTTREL; OR, FRIENDSHIP BETRAYED.

By the Author of "Fighting for Freedom," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XII.

But ah! that tempest music tells
A tale which saddens more—
Of hearts it tells where sorrow dwells
On many a rocky shore,
When the poor bark is dashed and driven,
And plunged below, and tossed to heaven,
Amid the ocean's roar.

FIERCE was the tempest that howled amidst the shrouds, split the bellying sails, and urged on through dense fog and blinding snow and sleet the mighty iron steamer on board which Vincent Luttrell and more than three hundred passengers had embarked their lives and fortunes.

They were off the coast of Newfoundland, driving helplessly—the main crank of the shaft had broken, the powerful machinery had become useless, and, to complete the disaster, the vessel had fallen into the trough of a cross sea, unshipped her rudder, and now lay a log upon the boiling and foaming waters, at the mercy of the currents, which set in almost every direction on the irregular and ironbound coasts of that inhospitable region.

It was near midnight when the first mate, who had been sent forward to sound, announced the uselessness of further pumping.

A plate had started in a coal-bunker, and the rush of water from within it was only limited by the case which yet partially obstructed it.

The crew, convinced that all was over, busied themselves preparing to launch the boats, and the more experienced of the passengers soon became aware that the ship was to be deserted.

Meantime the captain and his best officers, with a dozen or so of the most experienced and active of the

passengers, among whom was Vincent Luttrell, were clustered on the bridge.

Little, however, could be seen: the dense atmosphere obscured all objects, and the keenest eyes could not penetrate the fog bank which seemed to lie, even in the whirlwind of the tempest, solid and opaque all round the doomed vessel.

The creaks and lockings of the falling tackle were examined and reported clear, but no one cared to lower a boat into the roaring waters, which were heard rather than seen swirling and foaming around, as if seeking to swallow up their prey.

Thus drove they on until six bells sounded.

"Three o'clock," said a voice; all turned towards the sound.

A hideous crash was heard high above the howling wind—another of less violence—and the few who were not laid prostrate by the first were maimed and wounded and rushed towards the ship's sides.

The launch and pinnacle and long boat fell over the side with tangled tackle and were almost instantaneously swamped or stove.

The passengers from below, male and female and helpless children, ran upon deck in their scanty night clothes, while strong men took possession of the remaining boats, rendering their launching impossible by their crowding, and courting the fate they sought to avoid by their selfish inhumanity to their feeble fellow passengers. Some few instances of heroism there were, some few examples of love that braved and survives even present death, some bright instances of self-sacrificing humanity, where gallant seamen refused to leave their ship until women and children were seen to and the best that could be done for their safety carried out.

But—we blush to write it—these were exceptions. The captain, true to his part, remained on the bridge giving directions (too little heeded) for others' safety, regardless of his own. The raging storm, the pitchy darkness, the foundering ship, for she was now bumping heavily on the craggy rocks, each successive blow tearing away rivets, bending knees and angle-irons, and showing her water-tight compartments

until not a door fitted its framing, the piercing cries of the females, the hoarser execrations and shoutings of the men, the shrill wail of children, and gurgling rush of the incoming water combined to form an awful dirge for the souls of the perishing passengers. In the midst of these the great ship parted. Her back was broken, and the forward compartments fell over into deep water, while her poop and sternage in like manner went down by the stern as she parted amidships.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell,
Then shrieked the timid and stood still the brave,
Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,

As eager to anticipate their grave;
And the sea yawned around her like a hell,
And down it sucked her in the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rushed,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder; and then all seemed hushed.

Save the cold wind, and the remorseless dash
Of billows, but at intervals there gushed,
Accompanied by a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek—the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

We have said already that Vincent Luttrell was cool in the presence of danger. He was so now. He had watched, from his position near the captain, with keen observation, and something of the feeling with which an ordinary spectator would witness a moving stage tragedy, the various forms in which terror and despair found expression in the timid, the stolid, the phlegmatic, and the truly courageous: of which latter, alas! there were but too few.

When the vessel parted, the bridge, from which the captain had a few moments previously passed on to the after sponson, went forward. It was thus fortunately high if not dry, while the gallant captain was

swept away and seen no more. With him also disappeared the naval officer who was in charge of the mails. Vincent Luttrell saw that the boat was a delusion and a snare, and determined, while several of his companions left their posts of safety to get on board them, to remain where he was; and, working a spar by a piece of lanyard to a rail near him, to cast loose and serve as a support should the vessel go entirely to pieces, he awaited events.

As morning dawned the fog changed in colour and decreased in density, and presently the broad copper soon disclosed a precipitous and rocky island, on the second barren roof of which, after boating over and through the first, their hapless vessel had wrecked. No sign of human habitation was there, but as it cleared a long line of whitened sand at half a mile distance marked the shore. Thirty souls survived of three hundred and sixty; the rest had all perished. Not one of the boats was in sight, even if any had survived the surf and leeching wind, which seemed impossible. As more than half the survivors were able seamen a raft was soon suggested and set about. Meantime some provisions and spirits were got up from the fore saloon and berths and a sharp look-out was kept for any passing sail which might release them from their perilous and miserable position.

There are hours in man's existence in which he lives years. Such hours formed the night and morn of the dreadful day which marked the destruction of the Quebec mail packet and the despairing deaths of many of her hapless passengers.

Among them was a Canadian of great wealth, the descendant of a long line of the old French habitues of the province, who with the stubborn and almost instinctive pride and love of his race for la belle France which has survived the entire destruction and revolutionizing of all her institutions, was returning from that country with his newly wedded bride, a charming specimen of the most agreeable and entrancing of the females of Europe, an accomplished and well-brought up Frenchwoman.

As Eugene Pamphilon's family connections in the old world were traced back to several of the oldest and most renowned of the territorial seigniors of France, before the Restoration which swept that unhappy race of aristocrats, the good with the bad, into what Thomas Carlyle calls "the dustbin of the past," the young Anglo-Gallo-American had the entrée of all the chateaux and salons of the surviving representatives of the obsolete cause of the white flag and legitimacy in the Faubourg St. Germaine and it was in this circle that he sought and obtained his loving, lady-like, and loyal wife.

During the fine weather of the first week of the voyage the young Canadian and his amiable wife had formed a speaking acquaintance with Vincent Luttrell, whose agreeable polish, attractive manners, and worldly knowledge perfectly delighted the young Canadian and his lively bride, forming, as she expressed it, such a contrast to the proud taciturnity of the English people generally. So long as Luttrell found, which he was not long in doing, what a well feathered pair of pigeons, as he called them, this young colonial couple seemed to be, our adventurer laid himself out for the pleasure of "plucking" them so soon as opportunity should offer. But this opportunity came, in the sad course of inexorable destiny, sooner and more completely than even the knavish mind of Vincent Luttrell had imagined.

Three days of storm and the incessant rolling of the vessel had completely overset the nerves and shattered the physique of the lively Angeline Pamphilon, and she lay prostrate with low fever in a saloon cabin when the awful hour of wreck and disaster approached.

Eugene Pamphilon had spent twelve hours on deck in anxious look-out for the American shores, gazing below occasionally to report progress to the interesting invalid until the increasing hurricane forbade any frequent communication, thus augmenting the horrors of suspense.

We have alluded to the sangfroid of Vincent Luttrell; Eugene Pamphilon was not unobservant of his self-possession and coolness, and it had more than once evoked his admiration.

His mind was sorely troubled at the thought of the imminent peril of the being he most adored in the world, and in the helplessness of his confiding nature a sudden impulse prompted him to entrust to the impulsive and, as he thought him, high-souled Englishman his more than worldly treasures, in case the worst should befall himself.

With this view he approached Vincent Luttrell as he stood a small distance apart from the group assembled near the chief officers of the ship.

Eugene Pamphilon, catching a firm hold of an iron stanchion which enabled him to secure a position by Luttrell's side, who stood firmly with his left arm round one of the immense stays of the standing rigging, thus addressed him:

"Dear friend, for short as our acquaintance may have been, I and my dear wife feel that you are one who I speak to you as one on the brink of the grave. This is no time to flatter or compliment, but I feel that one with so brave a soul must be a firm support in the time of trial. I am rich, rich beyond fear of penury, but beyond these things and worldly dross, which I can leave without fear of the future, my soul is torn with the fear of what, should my life be taken, will become of my adored and sisterly wife in this hard and wicked world. Do not smile at my weakness, say superstition if you please so to call it, but my family for ages have traditionally been warned of coming death." Vincent Luttrell looked curiously into the agonised face of the speaker. He felt, but his face did not express, the very contempt and pity which the young Canadian sought to deprecate; but he did not smile. Eugene Pamphilon thought he read compassion in that look, and encouraged, he went on:

"Yes! dear friend, last night, as I lay watching the slumber of my beloved one, in the gleam of a faded flash which tore in twain the pall of darkness around us stood the awful and mysterious form! Its wan and weird face regarded me with pity. I clasped my hands and was about to utter a prayer, when with a wild scream—a scream which once heard never leaves the ear of him who hears it—it vanished. That shriek pierced also the ear of my sleeping wife, who awoke in terror. None other heard it above the howling of the storm."

"Then you believe in this omen?" asked Luttrell, in a sympathising tone.

"I do—I dare not do otherwise than believe what my ancestors all testify. Yes, friend Luttrell, I am doomed, but that shall not prevent my saving, if man's love and strength can save her, the light of my soul, the idol of my love."

At this moment there was a loud cry, followed by a crash as of splintering wood. The foretopmast of the steamer had broken at the cap, and three unfortunate seamen who were hanging to the balyards were hurled into the boiling sea.

The poor drowning men were seen for a few seconds as they swept by, but were rapidly lost in the surrounding gloom. No effort could be made to save them, as the ship had lost steering way and was herself the sport of winds and waves.

Eugene Pamphilon gazed with horror on the scene. Vincent Luttrell, with a frown which contracted his dark brows till they joined and marked his dark forehead with a horsehoe wrinkle, peered inquisitively into the darkness, but otherwise stood unmoved.

"Heaven save them, wretched men!" ejaculated Eugene Pamphilon.

"They're gone, poor fellows," muttered Vincent Luttrell, "past saving."

"Friend Luttrell," said Pamphilon, with a gasp, "the moments are precious. See here," added he, producing from his bosom a morocco case such as is used for a jewel suite. "In this case are contained an inventory of my stocks and securities in France, and, should I perish, my will as to my dear wife and unborn child's inheritance. Do not deny me—you cannot—the consolation, the dying comfort, that I have left my last wishes in the hands of a true friend. The diamonds herein may be valuable in the eyes of many, but in mine the written wishes I entrust to you are of inestimable price."

"My good sir," said Vincent Luttrell, in a tone of kind remonstrance, "you will live, and your dear wife too, to talk and laugh over these perils escaped. Nay, do not shake your head despondently; you are both young, and life, not death, is before you. I accept the trust—to me a sacred one—but it is only that I may restore it to you under happier circumstances, when we all assemble round an hospitable board in your native country, whither I go friendless and a stranger, while you will be welcomed by loving kindred, parents, and those who are near and dear!"

Thus speaking, Vincent Luttrell placed the jewel-case under the breast-flap of his inner coat, securing it by buttoning that and a waterproof overcoat tightly over it.

Eugene Pamphilon watched him with satisfaction.

"Can I trespass?" continued he, his voice trembling with emotion; "can a dying man trespass on one who is almost a stranger to do so great a service without recompense?"

"I ask none—I will take none," interposed Luttrell.

"Heaven will bless you," said the pious Canadian. The atheist turned his head and laughed cynically.

"Heaven will bless you for your kindness to the widowed wife and the helpless orphan," he continued.

"My good old father, who dwells by the Lower Falls, on the broad lands of my ancestors, now covered with cultivated farms, smiling orchards and

busy mills, where once the red man hunted and the moose-deer roved, will welcome with sad pleasure one who brings to him such credentials as I have written and enclosed in that case. To you, then, as the bravest and best of men, his dying son confides his treasures. That time you speak of can never come; for the death-spirit never yet revealed itself to the eye of any one who thereafter saw a seventh moon rise on this world."

Vincent Luttrell again turned away.

"Were it not that I too am in certain peril this drivel might be the subject of jest," thought he. "However, my thanks to the very good Banshee who thus sends deposits to the Luttrell bank, which, by-the-by, just now sorely needs replenishing. There's one awkward thing, however, that I may not have the luck to get ashore with my reward for services as yet unrendered; a fact much more regrettable than it would have been an hour ago when my fortune was certainly not so large."

"I shall die happy," said Eugene; "my trust is in safe keeping."

Vincent Luttrell smiled.

"Make yourself happy," said he; "your wife shall know your last thoughts were for her—that is, if you haven't the opportunity of telling her so at your own happy fireside."

"Farewell, for a time," said Eugene Pamphilon, his eyes gushing with tears of gratitude; "I will return shortly; adieu, my trusted friend, adieu!"

Vincent Luttrell saw Eugene Pamphilon once more. It was when, after the final crash by which the vessel was riven amidships, a small crowd of women and children who had emerged from the after companion were washed shrieking amid the swirling waters which quickly swallowed them in its remorseless maw.

And this surging group was seen the young Canadian, bearing in his arms the senseless form of his lovely wife, and striving with fruitless energy to bear her above the raving waves. One moment his pale and agonised face met Vincent Luttrell's gaze; he seemed to recognise him in that brief look, and then they were both swept away, gulfed in the wild waters.

Vincent Luttrell watched his last struggle.

"Humph," colloquised he, "this is a curious world; he's gone for ever, and I am for the present his executor and residuary legatee, though I don't think my own chance of ownership a very safe calculation."

When the storm had ceased and the waters subsided, it was with some gratification that the unhappy survivors who had crowded to the fore-castle perceived that the afterpart of the ship yet hung to the rocks, and though her poop was partly submerged the saloon and steerage berths, with the greater part of the after-hold, wherein were the valuables, the best provisions, and the steerage passengers' stores, were come-at-able. To Vincent Luttrell this was an agreeable discovery. The survivors were, with but two or three exceptions, the lowest of the crew—the men before the mast, and Vincent Luttrell was in consequence—by assumption and tacit consent—a sort of captain and commander of the shattered remains of the gallant ship and residuum of her crew. A consultation ended in a number of the men being told off to construct a raft of such spars, coops, cases, and floatage as might be available to convey themselves and the salvage, which included the mails, to the shore of the island, which was yet a full half mile from the wreck.

Meantime a volunteer came with a rope to the after part of the wreck, and a hawser being hauled over by its means and made fast, Vincent Luttrell ventured himself through the now fairly cooling water.

His search surpassed his expectations.

First his examination of the case entrusted to him disclosed a necklace, brooch, earring and earrings of lustrous brilliants of at least the value of fifteen hundred pounds.

This was very pretty, but when he came to read over the list of securities in the French and foreign funds he was not quite so pleased, as it was clear, on the slightest consideration, that as the bonds, coupons and certificates were in the hands of poor Pamphilon's agents and brokers, they would not give them up to Mr. Luttrell, or any one but the parents or next of kin of the drowned gentleman of whom he had become the quasi-executor. He therefore proceeded to overhaul the personal luggage of the Pamphilons.

Rejecting lace, silks, satins and a wonderful Parisian trousseau, Vincent Luttrell filled a very fair-sized cowhide bag with Napoleons, eagles, gold crowns and dollars, till its weight was what our Yankee cousins would call a "caution," especially for a gentleman who had only a single rope for a

bridge, and that not quite tant enough to secure a transit with one's head above water.

Vincent Luttrell, however, was equal to the emergency. Having secured his bag to the bungee of a small empty cask, he grasped the hawser with his right hand and pushing his floatage before him was quickly back to his old position.

The raft was completed by sunset, and being freighted with milk, coffee, meat and soup tins, with a quantum suff. of biscuits, spirits, and bottled beer, at early dawn on the following morning half a dozen of the thirty survivors landed on what proved to be a portion of King Edward's Island.

There we will leave them for awhile until the intelligence of the loss of the "liner" brought a steamer from Quebec in search of the missing ship, her crew and mails.

CHAPTER XIII.

NINE weary days and nights did the shipwrecked crew look out in vain from the sandy strip of sea-shore, walled in by precipitous and frowning cliffs, whereon they had sheltered themselves under a tent of sailcloth supported by spars and secured by ponderous stones, chests, boxes and casks against being carried off by the tempestuous winds which rage on the inhospitable shores of Newfoundland.

On the tenth day a fishing vessel, engaged off the codbanks sighted their distress flag, which they kept constantly flying from a staff on a lofty bluff that shut in their small bay at its western extremity.

During this period Vincent Luttrell, by his superiority of intelligence, resolution, and position as a steering passenger, had, by tacit consent, become a sort of commanding officer of the castaways.

He had deeply cogitated in this weary interval the course he should adopt in the event of this deliverance.

His first idea was to repair to Quebec, and thence take a journey up St. Charles River to the home of the parents of Eugene Pamphilon, bearing to them the sad tidings of the loss of their son and expected daughter-in-law.

This idea was soon dismissed. The document which the hapless habitan had given to him merely gave his beloved wife to his (Vincent Luttrell's) care, and she was now past caring for.

Vincent Luttrell did not believe in man's gratitude, nor woman's sister.

He was already possessed (and no living soul knew the fact) of the diamonds of Eugene's wife, and, for that matter, of all valuables of the lost couple; so why should he put himself in a position to be asked awkward questions?

Then too he had liberally helped himself, as general executor and administrator of the drowned passengers, to much of their current coin and most valuable jewellery.

This would be suspicious baggage for a shipwrecked man to declare and land either in the Canadas or at Portland.

No; his views as to Canada and the States, indeed as to America generally, had become entirely altered by the "sea-change" that his fortunes had undergone.

He would not land in America with the "ragged rascals" he for the nonce commanded any more than Falstaff would "march through Coventry" with his waterdemons—"that's flat!" Well then, the question was how to escape back to Europe?

"Ay, ay," he soliloquised, "fortune favours the bold, says the Latin grammar; here it does more, for with three thousand pounds ready money, and money's worth, no great resolution is required to transform John Scrivener back to Vincent Luttrell; especially when the latter gentleman is in a position to face his creditors, at least with the offer of a fair composition. Here I am John Scrivener; at Liverpool, in the ship's list also I am John Scrivener; and why should not John Scrivener be in the catalogue of lost passengers? or at any rate among the missing, if it should please Vincent Luttrell that he should be so? And it does please Vincent Luttrell just now that John Scrivener should disappear. Hal! how Hugh Denton will stare when I turn up again at his pretty place in Devonshire and just remind him of his promise about his pretty daughter. That would be too bad just now, after the respite I promised him," and he laughed cynically. "This fishing lugger must be my means of escape. I have it."

"She sails from St. John's. I will there give my comrades the slip, get on the track of the homeward-bound vessels, and, hey presto! Vincent Luttrell, Esq., passenger for London, will surely efface all trace of identity with John Scrivener, emigrant from Liverpool."

To Vincent's great delight, the fisherman, who was "full," declared his utter inability to take on board more than half a dozen of the thirty destitute

hands, but the skipper was willing to promise to send down almost immediate succour from St. John's, which, as there was as yet no shortage of provisions among the shipwrecked sailors, was not so terrible a delay.

This jumped exactly with Vincent Luttrell's idea. He pointed out to his companions the certainty of a speedy release and volunteered, as he said, to bring down that release at all hazards by sailing himself in the little fisher-boat for St. John's.

The proposal was received with applause, and Vincent Luttrell, having, with the aid of one of the fishermen and a boy, conveyed on board the two most valuable portmanteaus in his luggage, left behind his larger chests and baggage and sailed ere the morning dawned.

On the second morning they sighted the harbour and capital.

A noble ship, a London trader of one thousand one hundred tons, was lying "Blue Peter" as they entered.

A handsome gratuity to the skipper made him extraordinarily complacent.

"Captain," asked Vincent Luttrell of the skipper, with affected nonchalance, "that's a fine ship—that with the blue bordered flag; is she a Britisher?"

"Ay, ay, sir. She's bound for the old country, I calculate, and will weigh this tide."

"How providential! What days of anxiety might I spare my aged father and my poor suffering mother if I could at once sail for England, where they, no doubt, mourn me as lost. Captain, would you undertake—I will pay you handsomely—to return to those sailors we have left and bring them off? I should gain many days on my return voyage if I could sail by that ship."

Vincent Luttrell as he spoke pulled out a large, double-ended silk purse, through the stretched meshes of which much gold coin was visible.

The skipper's eyes glistened.

"I shall give you a hundred dollars, captain," said Luttrell, "and you will take charge of my luggage which I have left behind? It is to be forwarded to this address," he added, producing a card whereon was written: "Monsieur Pamphilon, Montcalm Manor, St. Charles River, Lower Canada," "to be taken care of for Mr. J. Scrivener."

The skipper took the card.

"Ay, ay, sir," said he; "the thing shall be done. And I'm thinking, sir, if making tracks at once 'ill relieve the old people's minds, you're right to do it; it's only natural. Shall I hail the Britisher, sir?"

"Do so; and here are the dollars—in gold," and he counted the new double eagles in the skipper's horny palm.

"Ay, ay, sir! Ship ahoy!" and down went the helm of the little craft, and her signal was answered from the lofty merchantman.

They were soon under her lee as she rode proudly at anchor, the bustle on her deck showing that she was just about to fetch her chain-cable home.

Vincent Luttrell's treasure trunks were quickly placed on board.

After a few parting words of advice to the skipper, with a desire that he would express John Scrivener's sympathy and best wishes to his companions in misfortune, our hero mounted the companion-ladder gallily.

The crew of the fishing lugger gave the liberal Englishman a hearty cheer and cast off, and Vincent Luttrell, after a few words with the captain, was entered as "first-class steering passenger" from St. John's, Newfoundland, Mr. V. Luttrell, for London, England."

CHAPTER XIV.

In a dingy, dirty, three-quarter-back office, at No. 10 in Clements den, sat Mr. Sharp, of the firm of Quillet and Sharp, attorneys.

The room which Mr. Sharp occupied as his peculiar abode was old-fashioned and panelled, and had many years ago been painted with a greenish-white, which time, smoke, dirt and neglect had darkened to the colour of the London fog, which, thick as it was, was hardly perceptible through the dirty glass of the clumsily paned windows. A white ashy fire struggled to look red in the old fashioned high grate with wide hubs and fluted coverings, and in front of this, guarded by a high wire fender, were the legs and feet, encased in black trousers and buff slippers, of Sylvester Sharp, Esq., gent., etc.

The eyes of Mr. Sharp were at this time engaged in a rapid survey of a daily journal, to the office of which newspaper he had himself, three days previously, taken the copy of an advertisement, and received in reply to his question "as to when it would appear" the somewhat curt but customary answer that he—the clerk—could not tell. They could not guarantee the date of its appearance, and further, when he asked if it could appear in the front page, was told, "it must take its chance of the

supplement, and if that didn't suit, he could have his money and his M.S. back."

Mr. Sharp's search, assisted by an argand table-lamp, supplied by a flexible tube from the arm of a cashiored gasolier, was successful.

He brightened up, and spelt as follows:

"TO NOBLESSE, GENTLEMEN AND TRADERS IN DIFFICULTIES.—Persons in embarrassed circumstances cannot do better than relieve themselves by the operation of the new Act. Arrangements effected with creditors, compositions carried out and liquidations conducted with secrecy and dispatch. Messrs. Quillet and Sharp may be consulted any day, from 10 till 4, at their offices, No. — Clements den. Letters post-paid."

"Um," said Mr. Sharp, musingly, "cheeky clerk that, s'pose he knows his business though. Quillet's very fond of this advertising dodge, I'm not. Don't think it pays, I'm sure it don't; Quillet says it does. It's quite unprofessional, ton. These insertions at seven shillings each, that's a guinea, and not a single client has come on his way to Portugal Street or Basinghall. It's done by connection and going about in the world, not by puffing."

A ring at the outer black-door on the common staircase interrupted Mr. Sharp's soliloquy. It was followed by a sharp rat-tat-tat on the knocker which decorated the inner door, and this again by the click of a spring catch drawn back by a wire pulled by a small boy-clerk who sat in the outer office to take letters and cards out of the box and pull the handle of the wire aforesaid. It was also his function to sell falsehoods or the truth about the whereabouts of the heads of the firm, according to previous instructions, or by a preconcerted code of signals.

On this occasion the boy-clerk, in reply to the inquiry of the stranger for Mr. Quillet or Mr. Sharp, requested the newcomer to walk in, and ushered him with alacrity into the front or principal office—a large, dreary apartment with three heavy-framed windows, a little less dirty than those in the back office. The room was surrounded by black book cases containing call-bound volumes, and above these to the ceiling were deep boxes of black iron or japanned plate, some inscribed with very great names and others plain. These were supposed to contain the assessments, title-deeds, wills, mortgages, etc., etc., of all sorts of superstitious clients of the rather notorious than celebrated firm of Quillet and Sharp. In the centre of the apartment stood a very large writing table, with nests of drawers and closing doors at each end. It was filled with blue papers, tied in bundles with pink tape. There too were all sorts, signs and thick masses of briefs ticketed and endorsed with names of eminent counsel. "Fifty guineas," "hundred guineas," and occasionally "twenty guineas," seemed to be the customary fees of the advocates engaged by Messrs. Quillet and Sharp, though it might fairly be doubted whether any such liberal retainers were given by them in a practice which was confined to insolvency, bankruptcy, and County Courts.

Mr. Sharp "took stock," as he called it, of the stranger as he passed along the short passage leading to the front-room, on the door of which was painted in bold, black Roman capitals the word "PRIVATE." For among the arrangements of the offices of Messrs. Quillet and Sharp (besides there being three doors to each of the three and a half offices) was one by which Mr. Sharp could, by means of a "Dutch mirror," view the persons shown into the private room, himself unseen, and thus decide upon the next step to be taken.

In this case, however, Mr. Sharp had no hesitation in pronouncing the newcomer to be "a swell," so he called the boy-clerk into his sanctum.

"Where's his card, Snivins? Did you ask him his business?"

"No, sir, I only said, 'Will you send in your name, please?'"

"That's just as well. Didn't he give his name, then?"

"He said you didn't know it, so it was of no use giving it. He said if either Mr. Quillet or Mr. Sharp's within I want to see him. He'd got the new paper, sir, in his hand, and looked at the advertisement when he asked for you by name."

"Snivins, you're a good lad. There's a penny for you. You'll be Lord Chancellor some day, if you keep your eyes open. Tell the gentleman that Mr. Quillet is at a reference at Mr. Justice Littledale's chambers, and that he must go down to Westminster Hall at three o'clock—and lay the call-book and my diary on the table. Then tell him Mr. Sharp is in, but is with a client, but you are sure he will not detain him five minutes. Look alive, Snivins. Here's the 'call book' and the 'diary' and lay this brief down on the right hand of my chair."

While Mr. Sharp was thus instructing Snivins, Vincent Luttrell, for he it was, was also taking stock of the establishment of Messrs. Quillet and Sharp.

Non omnia possumus; Vincent Luttrell not only did not know so much as the reader does of Messrs. Quillet and Sharp, but was taken in, clever fellow as he thought himself, by the trickery of the pettifoggers. One thing flashed across his mind, why should a firm which possessed the confidence of such people as appeared upon the dead boxes, and were attorneys in cases of such weight and value in the superior courts, advertise for such questionable practice as compositions, liquidations, and arrangements with creditors. But here again came the eternal truth, "qui vult decipere, decipitur," and Vincent Luttrell deceived himself by his very desire to impose on others.

Mr. Sharp was not long in making his appearance. Not longer than sufficed to wash his face and hands, put on a clean starched cravat with dicky and frill attached, dust his temples with just a suggestion of violet powder—for Mr. Sharp was fifty-four and a little bald at the temples—and don a well-clobbered black dress coat of Holywell Street antiquity, in lieu of his grey dressing gown.

Thus prepared he bowed himself into the private office, took his seat, and pushing up his gold spectacles from his eyes to his forehead asked Vincent Luttrell what was his pleasure?

"I perceive by an announcement in the paper that you arrange matters with the creditors of gentlemen in difficulties. I am in that position, so desire your advice."

"Which it is our pleasure and our business to render," said Mr. Sharp, rubbing his hands. "Have you prepared any list of your creditors and their claims?"

"Not yet. I wished to consult you as to the method of doing that."

"Exactly so. But you can give us the proximate amount—the return of the debts, and how incurred. That will be necessary before we can advise as to whether a petition or an offer to compound upon receiving a release, or, in case of trading, a bankruptcy would be the better mode of relief. I merely mention this, as our common law clerk will attend in the latter case to the routine proceedings, while, if, as I think I may presume, yours will be in the form of an arrangement for time and prospective payment, I should attend to your affair myself."

The piece of humbug of Mr. Sharp about their "common law clerk" was rather good, seeing that Smivins and a law copy-writer, for duplicating or multiplying documents—a ragged set, who worked in a dilapidated attic of a public house hard by—comprised their whole establishment of employees.

"I am unacquainted with the proceedings in these matters," said Vincent Luttrell, "but my position is briefly this. I have been unfortunate in some betting speculations, and have given bills, on which I have been sued and judgment obtained against me. There are also claims for luxuries supplied to a female, who, if she did not bear my name, pledged beyond it, and for these I am also held liable by the law."

"Have you any copies of writs or other process or letters relating to these actions of debt?"

Vincent Luttrell handed to Mr. Sharp the process served upon him at Half-moon Street, the letter of Mr. Goody Levy's solicitors, and several other documents, among them the writ for Laura Willoughby's brougham and pair and the thoroughbred with the broken knees.

Mr. Sharp smiled as he examined them.

"These are debts to which a good defence can be made. Several of them are not recoverable. There was no legal consideration; no proof of them would be allowed, if disputed."

"But I am not going to dispute them, though I don't mean to pay them."

"Of course not. I merely advised that there is a good defence."

"Which I am not going to plead. My case is just this. At a rough guess, the claims against me are six thousand pounds. I can find, say, five to six hundred pounds in cash; can I be freed from them for that sum?"

"Five or six hundred pounds as a composition? Of course you can. The matter will require some consideration; rather as to matter of detail than the main question. You are fortunate, my dear Mr. —"

Luttrell; Vincent Luttrell?

"Yes: Luttrell, you are fortunate. Luttrell—very distinguished name—renowned in Parliamentary history. Yes, Mr. Luttrell, I say it is fortunate that you have come to a firm so practised and thoroughly at home in these matters. We shall require, as I said, an exact list of your creditors, with the way in which the liability has been incurred, and, in cases of discount or borrowed money, the amount of consideration given and the interest charged. I think you said six thousand pounds, subject of course to deduction. I really think an offer of half-a-crown in the pound

would be too much. The betting liabilities, I won't call it debt, seem to form a larger half of the amount. They'll be glad to take a shilling in the pound as they can't recover. I should say, sir, that a shilling would be a fair proposal. At any rate we'll try to get a consent to that rate. I wish you had a list of debts with you, sir; could I not make out one with your assistance? My time for an hour is fortunately at my disposal."

Mr. Sharp spread a sheet of foolscap folio before him, dipped a pen, and Vincent Luttrell went on with an enumeration of his creditors, and Mr. Sharp, wielding the pen of a ready writer, in a few minutes looked up, saying:

"Have I them all down?"

Vincent Luttrell replied in the affirmative.

Mr. Sharp rang the bell, and Smivins appeared.

"Bring me about a dozen of blank notices to creditors."

"Yes, sir," and Smivins disappeared.

"My dear sir, as I said before, you may congratulate yourself. Your schedule is a clear one, so far as the court is concerned; but we will not trouble them. Your debts are six thousand. That won't answer our purpose. You must owe ten thousand pounds, sir, at the court. Yes, sir," continued Mr. Sharp, perceiving Vincent Luttrell's surprise, "you must owe ten thousand pounds as a minimum. We have taken smaller cases through 'by consent,' for twenty or thirty thousand pounds, and sponged the slate, sir, by the force of the largeness of the amount of debts on the schedule."

Vincent Luttrell could not exactly perceive the increased facility of extricating a man by multiplying his liabilities.

Mr. Sharp smiled and continued:

"Yes, sir, we must secure a majority in number and value in order to support or carry out your proposed composition. Have you not five or six friends to whom you could agree to owe, we will say, about seven or eight thousand pounds in the aggregate? These would attend our first and second meeting and agree to accept a shilling in the pound for their claims, which must be duly entered upon your schedule and signed for. Of course you do not know, nor do we, that you owe the money, but they claim it and you acknowledge it. There's nothing simpler."

Vincent Luttrell did not think himself a simpleton, but he could not quite comprehend the simplicity of the proceeding.

Mr. Sharp condescended to enlighten him.

(To be continued.)

THE DRAMA.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

Mrs. JOHN WOOD made such a thoroughly agreeable impression upon the London audiences, that her return to the metropolis and reopening of this theatre were greeted with satisfaction. For under Mrs. Wood's management, whatever may be the quality of the pieces produced, the audience is certain to see it done well. There is no evidence of careless rehearsal, no badly-dressed part, no actor pitchforked into the delineation of a character for which he is unsuited. Given certain materials, Mrs. Wood always makes the best of them, and the capital burlesques brought out under her management speak for themselves. In the present instance the theatre has been re-decorated, and several minor points have been attended to, while the burlesque, or rather comic opera, "The Sultan of Mocha," is one that every playgoer should see. The music is the composition of Mr. Alfred Collier, a young artist of no mean pretensions; and the orchestra has the advantage of being conducted by the composer himself. The plot of the opera is not particularly strong or new, but it is one which lends itself readily to the composer's purpose. We have a heroine, of course, one Dolly, and a lover, one Peter, a dashing young sailor, and the course of true love leads to a smooth. Dolly's uncle, Captain Flint, is a gentleman of an avaricious turn, and somewhat favours the solicitations of wealthy Admiral Sneak, who is, however, afterwards rejected by the captain. Flint carries off his ward with him to sea, trades in Circassian beauties, and finally disposes of poor Dolly to the Sultan of Mocha for a good sum. Dolly is rescued by Peter and his sailors, and carried off, but Peter's rival, Sneak, comes and carries her off in turn, and re-sells her to the Sultan of Mocha. Peter, however, coming in disguise as a friar, and being sent to prepare Dolly for death if she will not join the Sultan's harem, succeeds with his followers in overcoming the Sultan's party, and Dolly is again

borne off in triumph. Miss Loseby is very good, both vocally and in her acting as Dolly; Mr. Brenner's Peter is also excellent, and quite equal to his Sergeant La Rose in "Les Prés Saint Gervais," where we were familiarised with the able singing and acting of Mr. Connell, whose Flint is, like Mr. Corri's Sultan, and Mr. Anson's Sneak, all that can be desired. In fact, the whole company work well together, and the piece goes with the spirit that follows after the long practice due to the "The Sultan of Mocha" having had a long and successful run in Manchester. Musically considered, the comic opera is very taking for its bright, brisk airs, and with these are mingled others that are especially melodious and good. Miss Loseby's "Slumber Song" is charming, and the duet, "My boat is on the shore," one that is likely to dwell upon the ear. No comic opera is complete now-a-days without its droll chorus. In "The Black Prince," produced under Mrs. Wood's last rule at the St. James's, there was one of excessive drollery sung by boatmen, telescope-armed, and patched to pattern. In this case we have a chorus of Greenwich pensioners, wooden-legged and crutched, whose combined efforts are most amusing. In fine, "The Sultan of Mocha" is a merry, brisk trifle, and will afford a pleasant evening to all playgoers who prefer the light burlesque to the more solid fare of the dramatic world.

THE BRITANNIA.

A VERSION of the French play "Le Centenaire" has been produced by Mrs. S. Lane at the above popular house with great success. The story of the piece is doubtless familiar to our readers. An adaptation by Mr. Sims was played some time since, for Mr. Odell's benefit, at the Olympic Theatre. The present piece is from the pen of the manageress, and bears the title of "The Faithless Wife." The part of M. James Fauvel, the centenarian, is portrayed with excellent effect by Mr. J. Reynolds, while as Max de Mangars, a villain of distinctly French type, is realised with great force by Mr. H. Bell. To Mr. E. Newbound is intrusted the part of the lover, while Mrs. Charlton gives a thoroughly adequate realisation of the suspected girl. Mr. Hyde as Commander Duprat, Mr. Fox as M. Martineau, and Mr. Charles Reeve as Monsieur Richard, are competent representatives of their various characters, Miss B. Adams impersonates Camilla, the self-abnegatory sister of "the faithless wife" capitally, and Miss L. Rayner in the title rôle succeeds in impressing her audience. Miss Julia Summers played Madame Burette agreeably.

TITENS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.—Mrs. Grant, learning that the famous prima donna, Mdle. Titens, was desirous of paying her respects to her, extended a cordial invitation to visit the White House. The music selected was all of a sacred character, and was rendered with that depth of feeling that has won for Mdle. Titens the reputation she possesses of being the greatest living exponent of that character of music.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?

Thy neighbour? It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless,
Whose aching heart and burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim,
Whom hunger sends from door to door—
Go thou and succour him.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis that weary man,
Whose years are at their brim,
Bent low with sickness, cares and pain—
Go thou and comfort him.

When'er thou meet'st a human form
Less favoured than thine own,
Remember 'tis thy neighbour worm,
Thy brother or thy son.

Oh, pass not, pass not heedless by;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
The breaking heart from misery—
Go, share thy lot with him.



[THE SISTERS AT THE MAUSOLEUM.]

UNDINE;

OR,

THE FORTUNE-TELLER OF THE RHINE.

CHAPTER XIV.

MADAME O'ALMANOFF at her sister's final words glanced around upon the intent and agitated faces of the group.

She read there conviction of the truth of the triumphant assertion, that was proof of the legality of her marriage, of her husband's truth, her daughter's legitimacy.

The sudden joy was too overwhelming. She made a feeble effort to draw Irena to her arms, Irena who stood there, proud, joyous, triumphant, and fell back fainting.

They carried her tenderly to her room. Her first roving glance fell upon Mrs. Owen's tear-stained face bending affectionately over her.

"My sister, my precious sister, my darling Guy's beloved wife," said Mrs. Owen, tremulously.

The trembling arms were thrown eagerly around her neck.

"Oh how can I be grateful enough. Most of all that his memory is cleared from stain. I could not hate him when I believed him my destroyer. Oh, picture my joy that I know him to be as true as my fondest belief in the earliest days of our acquaintance."

"My poor, poor, sister! how cruelly you have suffered; no wonder my heart was drawn so powerfully towards you. I cannot express my abhorrence and anger at Sir Morton's conduct."

"Forgive him, as I now joyfully do; as my noble Mercie has done already. Where is she? bring her to me—my more than sister, my protector, my mother and father and husband and friend, all in one."

The fortune-teller had heard every word. She sprang forward with a smothered sob and the two were clasped in each other's arms, while the tears rained over their quivering faces.

"My poor, poor Mercie, and you loved him without my ever dreaming of it. You have suffered more than I, with none of my bliss.

"Nay, Hilda, am I not thrice blessed this very moment? Is it not worth all my toiling and suffering?" I am too happy. I ask no more."

And there were other very joyous faces in the room beyond.

There was Ralph shaking everybody by the hand in the exuberance of his delight, and as he believed very slyly drawing Edith behind the deep drapery of the bay window to kiss her triumphantly first upon one cheek and then upon the other.

"Oh, Edie, darling, she is a glorious creature, that fortune-teller. She has brought us safely from the Slough of Despond to the Mountain of Delight. I am so happy. I can't find it in my heart to be angry even with poor Sir Morton."

"I'm very glad you've retracted your late atrocious slander, Master Ralph," was Edith's merry response. "She's no longer a confounded old woman, this queen of fortune-tellers. I shall tell her about it some day."

"At peril of your—lips, Miss Edith," vociferated Ralph, as Edith bounded away.

She stumbled upon a more sedate pair. Guy was standing by Irena's side in the little recess of the sitting-room and his face was very grave.

"Lady Irena, said he, sorrowfully, "I give you back the promise only this day received from you. It is not meet that the son of him who has wronged you so foully should be honoured by your favour. I need not, I am certain, assure you, that all this is utterly new to me, that I would have cut off my right hand sooner than have taken from you the smallest tittle of your right. I have not a word to say for my wretched, my unhappy father. I believe it was as he says, a temptation from the Evil One himself. May all good fortune await you and follow your steps. I dare not trust myself to say more."

He was turning away with a quivering lip, when Irena stretched forth her hand and arrested him.

"Guy," said she, in a low, thrilling voice; "and so from a false caprice of pride you will put away the Undine the Rhine gave to your arms? Oh, Guy, Guy, do you not know that fortune, name and honour, ay, even my mother's fair fame and my father's honourable memory, were powerless to give me happiness if I lost you? Guy, can you give generously, as late before the magic mirror you promised when you sought a portionless and name-

less bride, and yet will you not allow the same privilege to me? Is your love no stronger than your pride? Oh, my Guy, take me to your arms that my overflowing heart may find peace and rest. The waves united us. I will not be put away, for I love you, Guy, better than all the world besides."

The dark eyes beamed gloriously through their sparkling tears, the sweet lips smiled pleadingly.

How could Guy resist?

With a fervent blessing upon his generous love, he folded her to his heart.

He went not long afterwards to his father, sent thither, as he declared, with an angel's soothing message.

Peter was assiduous at work over him, but he withdrew respectfully as Guy came. The worthy fellow was not so stupid but he was aware of the strange agitation in the house.

The haggard, wretched face, so wan and worn, lying on the pillow, could not fail to touch the son's heart.

"Dear father," began he, and broke down.

"What!" exclaimed Sir Morton, tremulously, "and do none, not even you, reproach me? Oh, Guy, my own conscience is heaping coals of fire upon my head. Where shall I find rest from my own remorse? My son, forgive me, and pray that Heaven may at length have mercy also."

"I bring you Irena's tender assurance of future love and care."

"What, his daughter, Guy's daughter love her usurper, her mother's enemy, her father's detractor? it is impossible, Guy."

"She bade me say it was her voluntary message. Oh, my father, make your peace with Heaven. All here are too happy to have any bitter resentments."

Sir Morton wept silently.

At length, reaching for his son's hand, he said humbly:

"I am glad it is so, for your sake, Guy, you deserve it; for myself, I could almost welcome their reviling if it might ease my own tormenting remorse."

He was thoroughly humbled and penitent, the keenest shame was lifted away from Guy, and when, as they presently became aware, they learned from the physician his attack had left him with an incurable malady which would keep him a close invalid

the rest of his days, all indignation merged into pity and sympathy for the meek resignation which accepted his sharp trials of pain as a deserved punishment.

The whole party returned to Mordaunt Cliff in triumph.

The story Sir Morton insisted should be made public, excited a momentary ripple of astonishment in the circle around them.

But it soon faded away, and when the grand festival took place at Mordaunt Cliff, which celebrated the marriage of the happy friends, Sir Mordaunt and Colonel Ralph Owen, no one remembered the peculiar circumstances attending the engagement of Edith to her cousin, or recalled the fact that a little time past, such a person as "the lovely and fascinating Lady Irena," as the journals styled her when they announced the grand marriage, was entirely unknown among them.

Very lovely and very joyous looking were the two brides in their snowy robes of costly satin, lace and velvet, and if there were varying criticisms and disputes concerning the palm of beauty claimed for either, it was settled by the very quiet declaration of a tall, distinguished looking lady, dressed in a rich black velvet dress, with a singular but most becoming head-dress of folds of vividly scarlet velvet arranged something after the fashion of a hood, and clasped with a chain of jet; a lady by the way who only claimed acquaintance with the party.

"It's very difficult indeed, Mrs. Owen," said the lady, with a smile, "to say which is the lovelier. It all depends upon the gazer's taste. Blue eyes for Ralph bave a question—that you know was settled long ago. And Sir Guy will never, I am sure, venture to admit there is beauty for him in anything but the lustrous black eye, promised him by the Rhine."

The bridal party caught the words.

"Ah, Aunt Mercie, that is a very sly speech of yours, but we have heard it all," laughed Mrs. Edith, leaning proudly on the gallant colonel's arm; "it is very true that the whole of the mischief accomplished at this wedding must be attributed to that weird, uncanny creature, who has vanished so mysteriously from Cologne, the fortune-teller of the Rhine."

"Heaven bless her!" said Guy, fervently, and his fair young wife, turning, lifted her tender eyes suffused with tears.

"Yes, dear, dear Aunt Mercie, Heaven bless you! Our fate would be and indeed without your presence, you to whom we all owe our happiness."

"You are silly children, all of you," replied the lady, trying to hide her emotion at these grateful, earnest words, and tender, loving looks.

"I must go and find what my sedate sister is about. I saw her coaxing Sir Morton to take a peep at your very pretty brides, but I fancy his eyes were too dim to admit of seeing much. Go you and speak to him. He will not be ungrateful for the courtesy. Ah, there is Peter. What do you think he has been telling me to-night? He declares that if I would put on a gray dress and cap, and wear blue spectacles, he should think I was a horribly meddlesome old woman who pretended to nurse his master off in 'fortin' parts."

Mrs. Owen made her way to the speaker with the dowager Lady Mordaunt on her arm.

"We are talking about you, Mercie," said she; "we are saying what a glorious issue this must mean to you, for the patient, skilful, unceasing work of those dreary eighteen years."

She smiled dreamily.

"Nothing, my friends," answered she, solemnly, "can exceed the first joy of the discovery. That repaid me for all. My faith in honour and goodness and manliness was given back to me. My saint was restored to his place in the shining lights of Heaven. Guy was all that my sister loved and trusted, that I admired and honoured. I asked no more. The rest is the generous measure pressed down and running over."

There was a moment's thoughtful silence.

"And, Mercie, you will promise to remain with us? You will not return to Cologne as you have threatened?"

"Why should I stay? who will need me?" was the tremulous question.

"Cruel Mercie, are you not my all?—are we not inseparable still?" demanded her sister, vehemently. "You have earned a place beyond a sister's near and dear as husband or child. When both have left me, you will still remain. We have lived together in closest affection, let us die together and lie side by side near the grave of Guy."

Mercie reached forth her hand impulsively.

"You have conquered, Hilda. I will remain. Your people shall be my people, your home, mine."

"Who is talking so solemnly upon this joyful evening?" demanded Guy, returning from his father's seat, "of course you will remain. Dare to think of such a preposterous act as leaving the Cliff, and we will have out a warrant directly to arrest you for an impostor; a cheat, deceiving credulous people with your cunning reflecting mirrors, your weird warnings, your wonderful predictions. Fortune-tellers are prohibited, you know, in these days."

"At least!" exclaimed Edith, gaily, "use your last expiring gleam of prophetic sight to read me a riddle. This sphinx will not explain to my curious questioning his odd name for our darling Irena. Tell 'em, Aunt Mercie, why is she Undine, and wherefore does that provoking look of understanding pass between them whenever the name is mentioned?"

"I will retire grandly I think," replied Mercie, "I will use my last ray of light to solve the important mystery."

"Know, then, most curious bride, that while it was a spray of gorse and a magic mirror which showed to a pair of blue eyes the very good-looking face of to-night's bridegroom, it was Rhine itself which gave to Guy his first glimpse of his future destiny. The waves tossed into his arms the fairy semblance of the lady-love who was to crown him on this joyful evening with the blessings of her love and hand."

"Like Undine, she came to him from the waves. You have heard the solution. Behold now the exit of the Fortune-teller of the Rhine!"

She smiled half in melancholy, half in cheerful acceptance of the changed life before her, and turned away from the gay voices and brilliant scene of the bridal festival.

Her sister followed, well knowing whither those dreamy steps were turning.

Softly and silently down the fir-guarded avenue, across the shadowy park, belted with its girde of bridal lights, which were thrusting forth their tongues of lambent whiteness through the clustering leaves of the grand old trees, away to the dim grounds where rose upward in the pale starlight the slanting marble spires of the Mordaunt mausoleum, passed the stately figure, and Sir Guy's widow followed solemnly.

A wreath of white roses, the petals glittering with dewdrops, showed in the starlight hanging over the tablet bearing the honoured and beloved names.

Young Sir Guy and his bride had brought it thither in tender remembrance of the unknown father whose memory was held in such fervent reverence and love by his surviving friends.

Mercie paused, and with crossed arms and bowed head stood silently before it.

"My brother Guy," murmured she, at last, "can you look down from your blissful height and see the solemn thanksgivings which fill my heart? Can you know that the fierce spirit of Mercie is at peace with all living experiences and past memories. Can you crown her with your brotherly benediction, she who has saved your loved ones from wrong and shame?"

Hilda came swiftly forward, and flung her arms around the beloved figure.

"Doubt it not, oh, my Mercie! Such a shining light as that of our beloved one is never quenched, it beams on gloriously above, ay, even here on earth is Guy's pure spirit still at work. See how his influence still moulds the hearts of these dear children who have never gazed upon his living face? Ah, Mercie, I can acquiesce submissively now in the early death which seemed so untimely a blight upon noble promise. Who would ask for a more worthy work than his, brief as his day of life might be?"

"It is well, I had come to own it here. Well too, the fiery pangs through which this heart of mine has passed. So is gold purified, so have I cast aside the dross that might have held me captive in earth's sinful paths. I can rejoice now, my Hilda, that Guy chose the sweetest and dearest sister. Understand me, love, the fervent affection which cherishes his memory so fondly is such. I can stand before his tomb here and declare, belongs justly and only to a noble and sainted brother."

With interlacing arms, serenely calm eyes, and peaceful hearts the two women returned slowly from the dim melancholy cemetery to the illuminated lawn.

They left behind them the black shadows and sombre hues, and the white lustre of the wedding lights flung over them a radiant shower of cheerful brightness, and at the same moment gay, loving voices called:

"Loiterers, return! the feast waits for your presence."

It was a symbol of their future lives.

THE END.

CAUSE OF CONSUMPTION.

Nor by bad colds, nor hereditary predisposition, nor drinking liquor, nor tight lacing—for men do not lace, and yet as many die of consumption as women; few habitual drunkards die of that disease; and as for hereditary taint and bad colds, millions of the latter have gotten well of themselves, while the naturally feeble are compelled to an habitual carefulness of themselves, which gives them, in multitudes of cases, an immunity against all disease, except that of old age.

The very essence of consumption is a decline in flesh. Flesh is made of the food we eat; if that food does not give flesh, does not sustain the proper proportion of it, we begin to fade, and fail, and consume away.

But as there is not one in a hundred thousand who has not a plenty of food, and yet one out of every nine in the Union dies of consumption every year, the cause of that mortality is not a want of food, although it is a want of flesh; and yet food only can give flesh. It must then be from the fact, that although we have a plenty of food, that food does not give the amount of flesh and strength which it ought to. The process by which food gives flesh is a double one—digestion and assimilation; in other words, it is the taking of the nourishment from the food, and distributing it to the body at various points.

The human body is much like a clock with its many wheels; if one goes slow, the others go slow, and bad time is the result; if one little wheel of the body (one organ or one gland) works imperfectly or slowly, all the others are influenced thereby, and lag also. But what is the wheel which oftentimes gets out of gear? It is the liver.

EXILED FROM HOME.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MISS NORREYS and Lord Chilton sat down side by side upon a wide garden seat. The sun was at their backs, their faces being in shadow. They were silent for a brief space, a look of intense interest in the face of the lady.

She had grown to entertain a strange liking for the young viscount, and she longed to dissipate that shadow of melancholy that darkened his face. It was she who spoke first, and she said gently:

"You speak of having lost your betrothed, Lord Chilton, and you speak of her also as living. Pardon me, but was there not some misunderstanding between you, which a few words would have cleared up?"

"There was a misunderstanding between us," said the viscount, gravely, "and one, which if I could see her, I could soon clear up. She believes me a fickle, inconstant, unworthy. If I could only find her, I could explain all."

"And you cannot find her?"

"I have searched the kingdom for her, but all in vain. I have visited the continent, and have found no trace of her. She has completely disappeared!"

"But her friends; do you not know her friends?" she asked.

"She has no friends!"

Miss Norreys looked amazed.

"She is all that you have said," he declared, "without home, friends, or position. Wherever she is in the wide world to-day, she is earning her own living, or starving in her pride and desolation. But poor as she is, Miss Norreys, she is greater to me than the queen upon her throne; she is to me the one woman in all the world, peerless in her beauty, in her innocence, in her grace and sweetness. I love her with all my heart and soul. If she lives, I will find her. If she is dead, then I have nothing henceforth to live for. Life without her would be a torture!"

He spoke with a passionate energy that thrilled Miss Norreys' soul. How strange his passion seemed to her! Had she ever felt like this for any human being? Ah, yes, but so long ago that ages seemed to have passed since then! The fires of

passion seemed to have died out centuries since—to count by feeling rather than by years—leaving only dead ashes in their stead. But she kindled at his words and looks as only a great, sympathetic soul can kindle, and she exclaimed:

"It seems singular, Lord Chilton, that a girl could disappear like this and not be found. You say that you have searched for her. How could she have eluded your search? There seems some great mystery about her. Is she an actress?"

"She? No nun in convent cloister was ever more unspotted from the world!" cried the lover. "She was born and bred in a wild, secluded region, and spent her girlhood years in a strict Paris pensionnat. And yet there is, as you have surmised, a great mystery about her. I am tempted to tell you all the story, Miss Norreys. My heart aches with this long repression of grief. Possibly you might help me to find her," he added, desperately. "We have all failed—perhaps a woman's wit might let in a ray of light upon this gloom which seems so impenetrable."

"Perhaps so," said Miss Norreys. "What is her name, Lord Chilton?"

"Gwendoline Winter."

"Of the Winters of Staffordshire?"

"Of no family whatever!" cried Lord Chilton. "Pardon me, Miss Norreys, but my pure little Gwen is nameless. She, a white lily, stainless and pure as one of Heaven's own angels, bloomed from a foul soil. They named her Gwendoline because even in her babyhood she was an aristocrat, and they fancied she should have a fine-sounding name. They called her Winter—because, poor child, she came into this world in wintry weather, and found for her that it was to be a wintry world. Her life has been nearly all winter."

"She had no name of her own?"

"None whatever."

"They never knew her father's name?"

"They never knew that she had a father. It is a pitiful tale, Miss Norreys. They did not know her mother's name, and that mother died with her secret untold. She lies in a dis honoured grave in a remote country churchyard, and the headstone bears the name of 'Magdalen.'"

Miss Norreys shuddered. The story stirred her strangely.

"And you love the child of that woman?" she exclaimed. "Lord Chilton, you allow your enthusiasm and fancy to run away with your judgment. White lilies may take root in foul soil, but I would not care to pluck them to place in my bosom. This girl, of the parentage you describe, is no fit mate for you. Let her go, my friend. Surely among the high and noble families of this realm you can find some girl of pure blood and unstained inheritance whom you might more gladly take to fill the place in your home left vacant by your honoured mother? Let not the next Lady Chilton bring a shadow on the name your mother bore!"

"No Lady Chilton could ever equal the lady of my love!" said the young viscount, with enthusiasm. "Gwen is pure and noble and grand of soul, Miss Norreys—a very angel. And she carries herself like a young princess. If you could see her, you would think my description of her tame and insufficient. I love her; I cannot live without her, if I have to search the whole world over."

"This seems like madness. I fear you are very foolish, Lord Chilton. This girl, according to your own description of her, is no fit wife for you. Young men have these infatuations and get over them—so will you. Let the girl go, my friend," urged Miss Norreys, kindly. "I have had more experience in life than you. Believe me, these unequal marriages do not always turn out happily. When the glamour of your passion wears away, when the girl's beauty begins to fade, when your noble friends inquire from what family your wife comes, then you will begin to repent your marriage, and the yoke you have taken upon you will be very grievous to bear."

"You do not know Gwen," said the young viscount, smiling. "If she were to lose her beauty, her soul, her self, would be left. Were she disfigured, hideous, scarred even, she would be to me still the loveliest woman in the world—for I know her great nature, her bright intellect, her sunny disposition. She is in herself noble. She has no need of family, fortune, or advantageous aids."

"And this is love!" said Miss Norreys, smiling and sighing, while her eyes gloomed suddenly with a look of bitterest retrospect. "I will say no more, Lord Chilton. You must suit yourself, only be wise. I have a fancy that blood will tell. And if bad blood were to show itself in this seemingly innocent young creature—"

"Impossible! Besides, in spite of all the facts, I often refuse to believe that she is of bad blood!" cried Lord Chilton. "She has all the points that distinguish people of aristocratic lineage. We are taught to believe that generations of culture and re-

finement produce certain traits of character and person that are not to be mistaken. She has all these traits. The small, arched feet, the small, slim hands, the tiny ears, the haughty little head, the graceful carriage, the exquisite gentleness and innate refinement, the generous, brave soul that scorns all falsehood—all these are hers. That she is of good blood it is impossible to doubt. And yet—and yet—"

"You have interested me in her," said Miss Norreys. "Where and how did you first meet her?"

"It was on a wild Yorkshire moor. I rescued her from insult, and took her home. I visited her almost daily thereafter, thinking her mistress of the lonely old house. But I found that she was a dependent there upon the bounty of old servants. I loved her, and asked her to be my wife. She accepted me. I was called away suddenly, and when I went back to her she had vanished. I have never seen her since."

"And you never even knew who she was?"

"Never, nor did she know herself. Her history is remarkable. Have you ever heard of the little town of Penistone in Yorkshire?"

Miss Norreys started, drawing her breath sharply. She shot a strange, wild glance at the young viscount, and grew suddenly deathly white. He did not mark her singular emotion, but continued:

"But of course you have not. It is a little market-town on the Manchester and Sheffield line, in the midst of a black and dreary district. All around it is the moor, wild and desolate and strange, dotted there and there with hamlets, yet for the most part bare and barren."

Miss Norreys shivered a little, and drew the soft folds of her shawl closer.

"One of these moors, called the Lone Moor," continued Lord Chilton, "seems larger, more barren and bleak than the rest. It is the property of a gentleman, who has built a shooting-box upon its edge, and during the season. He has a large farm upon its edge, and his house is on the moor, and set in its own large grounds. It is called the Lonsmoor house—or simply Lonsmoor."

Miss Norreys' head was drooping. Could Lord Chilton have seen her face, he would have been frightened. His pallor was terrible. But he, absorbed in thoughts of Gwen and in the story he was narrating, never thought to look at her.

"It is an old house, among trees, with steep gables and tall clustering chimneys," he said, "with old-fashioned gardens and stable-yard and outbuildings—a house that in its day has seen many a gay assemblage within its old walls—a house, I have heard, that was once noted for its open hospitality, its pleasant cheer, its genial warmth of welcome to every one who chose to seek its shelter. It belongs to Squire Markham, a rich old landed Yorkshire squire, who was once a genial gentleman, but who became a misanthrope and a wanderer over the earth."

Miss Norreys' slender fingers tightened upon the folds of her shawl as if her nerves were turned to steel.

"Squire Markham had, years ago, one only child, a daughter whom he idolised," said Lord Chilton. "She died very young on the continent somewhere while upon a pleasure tour. The shock of her death nearly killed him. He returned home from a visit to her grave, dismissed the larger number of his servants, and closed his house to visitors. He seemed suddenly to hate his kind. He became harsh, grim and cold. He never smiled after her death. A year afterwards, he quitted England, and has never returned until a couple of months since. And even now he has not come to stay. He is soured, embittered and aged by his great loss, and I hear is going back to Egypt soon! He hopes to die there!"

Miss Norreys' mouth in the shadow looked strangely drawn and white.

There was a tortured expression in her brown eyes—an expression as of a soul writhing in utter anguish.

"My account of Lonsmoor and its strange master may seem uncalled for," said the young viscount, half apologetically, "but in truth it is necessary. I want you to understand the gloomy old master, for it was in that house my Gwen was born, that old roof sheltered her innocent childhood and it was there I visited her. Squire Markham never saw her face, although she was born in his house some months before he quitted it."

Still Miss Norreys made no comment. "The house is surrounded on two sides by its gardens and lawn; the stable-yard is in the rear, abutting upon the moor. And upon one side of the old house the barren waste of moorland stretches to the very windows. To this house, one wild and terrible night in November, when snow and sleet and wind united to create a tempest that is still remembered in those parts, a woman came staggering across the moor. It was seventeen years ago—"

"Seventeen years ago!" echoed Miss Norreys.

"The woman was alone, on foot and but thinly clad. She found the great entrance and rung the knocker. The old housekeeper went to the door and there tottered in a frail girl, with loosened hair and white, wet face and wild eyes, who fell upon the floor in a swoon. They carried her upstairs. The butler hurried for a doctor and the housekeeper removed the sodden garments and ministered to the wanderer. Her clothing was fine, her shawl was costly, her appearance was that of a lady. She was delirious or insane from exposure or previous troubles!"

Miss Norreys gave a quick, strange gasp. Her white face was absolutely blazing with horror and excitement.

It was well, perhaps, that Lord Chilton did not see it, else he might have thought her insane also.

"That night," continued the young viscount, speaking in a lower tone, "the young stranger gave birth to a child. She showed no affection for it. She never spoke to any one, or told her name, or whence she came, nor who were her friends, but seemed stupefied and dazed, staring with wild eyes at every one."

"The doctor told me that he was sure that her mind was diseased. Some great trouble had destroyed her reason. She had been at Lonsmoor a month, when one night occurred another storm, even more terrible than the one in which she had come to Lonsmoor. Something in the wild strife of the elements excited her," said Lord Chilton, telling the story as the doctor had told it to him, but varying from the truth as Mrs. Quillet and Squire Markham knew it, and as the reader knows it. "She was reminded of the night in which she had come to Lonsmoor."

"Perhaps some memory of home stirred within her. Perhaps her insanity rose to the height of madness. At any rate, she took advantage of the temporary absence of the nurse and fled from the house into the awful storm!"

Miss Norreys' look turned to stone.

"They searched for her that night—they searched next day and for days after. The snow fell like a whirling sheet upon the moor and covered furze and shrub out of sight. It fell for days. They could not find her at Penistone, nor at Mulford Bridge. The snow stayed late on the ground that winter. It was April when the snows melted, and they found one day, in a little hollow in the moor, all that was left of her. She had lain there upon that awful night and had been too weak to rise again. And the snow had covered her over and buried her out of sight."

The viscount shuddered. Miss Norreys still sat motionless, her eyes still wild with unutterable horror.

"Dead?" she whispered. "Were they sure that it was the same?"

"Yes, the old housekeeper recognised her. This housekeeper caused her body to be buried at Penistone, and it was she who caused the gravestone to be erected to the girl's memory."

"And the housekeeper had that name put on the stone?" said Miss Norreys, huskily.

"Knowing not her real name, she caused that name, Magdalen, to be put upon it," said Lord Chilton. "But I shall replace the stone with another, upon which I shall have cut the word 'Infelicitus.'"

"The child! the child?"

"She lived and grew up to maidenhood. She is my Gwen, whom I described to you."

Miss Norreys' lips were white and stiff. She passed her finger over them unconsciously, but there was no stiffness in them as she sat, in the same, husky, unnatural whisper:

"They made her a servant, I suppose. The squire never saw her, you said?"

"He never saw her, and never did anything for her. The two old servants had their lifetime of savings, and they cared tenderly for the poor little outcast."

"But they made a servant of her? She grew up in ignorance?"

Lord Chilton began to notice how strained and husky was the lady's whisper, and that her face was drooping and averted. He thought what a sympathizing nature she possessed, and his heart warmed to her in quick gratitude.

"One would have thought so," he replied, "but they did not make a servant of her. They believed her mother to have been a lady. Perhaps they thought that they would be rewarded some day for all they might do for the little child. Perhaps they thought that her father might turn up, and pay them all they expended with interest. At any rate, they treated the child as if she were their superior. They clothed her daintily. They procured a governess to instruct her. This governess was a lady—a gentlewoman by birth and education; and she

had charge of the child for seven years, until Gwen was fourteen. Then the lady married a missionary. "It was so the viscount had been informed by the Quillets, to throw him off the scent in his search for Gwen—" of the name of Miller, and went to Africa. Gwen was sent to a Paris pensionnat of the very first-class, and was brought up among nobly-born girls. She was brought up a lady, you see, and is refined and accomplished, and thoroughly educated. She never suspected until last autumn that she was not a relative of Squire Markham!"

"Strange that the Quillets should have educated her and brought her up like that, if they believed her the child of a wicked Magdalen!" murmured Miss Norreys, pressing her hand to her forehead. It cannot be that they thought so. And why should they spend money upon her as a speculation, when every possibility was against the father's being found and the money paid back? I—I don't know what to think!"

"Nor do I. Their conduct is certainly mysterious. They seem people of hard, sound judgment, not at all likely to be led away from practical views by romantic notions. It must be that Providence guided them in the matter. The child was remarkably beautiful and dainty in her ways. They called her Princess on account of her pretty peculiarities!"

"They were very sure that it was the body of the mother that they found?"

"Very sure," said Lord Chilton, surprised. "Mrs. Quillet recognised it."

A hopeless look of bewilderment appeared in the lady's eyes.

"Was Mrs. Quillet fond of the child?" she asked, after a pause.

"Singularly enough, she was not," declared Lord Chilton. "She treated her kindly, but as if it were a matter of duty. She sometimes seemed to feel for her a positive hatred. She might have doubted the wisdom of expending so much money on the little wail, and feared that she should never recover it. At any rate, she shrank from Gwen as if the girl's presence were a pain and a wrong to her, and the poor child never knew in all her life—except as she knew it from governesses and fellow-pupils at school—what it was to be loved. Poor little Gwen! Her whole life has been hard and cold and desolate, a very winter, in truth. And even now she is somewhere out in the great struggling world, helpless, defenceless. I would give my right hand to know her whereabouts—poor, lost little Gwen?"

His voice broke down suddenly. Was that a half-choked sob that came from the cold and proud East India heiress?

"Lord Chilton!" she cried, impetuously, her voice gaining strength, "we must search for this girl! You are right to cling to her, and I honour you for it. I will help you in your search, if a woman's wit can be of any avail. We will put men upon her track. We will find her!"

Her eyes glowed like living coals amid the whiteness of her face.

She was fired with a strange, new zeal, with an over-mastering purpose.

"We will find her!" she repeated, arising to her feet—"if we have to search the whole world over. Give me time to think. We will talk of this again. Some one is coming now!"

Sir William Ensor and his sister and Miss Milly Kenright were approaching.

Miss Norreys flitted away like a spirit, nor did she pause until she had reached her own boudoir. Then she gave way to the emotions agitating her soul, and wrung her hands, crying out:

"I am bewildered! I am in a frightful bewilderment! Who is that girl? Who was her mother? Was that body which was found the body of her mother? I must know the truth. I have sent Mr. Barsby away upon another errand—but if he were here I would not dare employ him in this matter. Whom can I trust? No one—no one, but my faithful Aga. He is a Hindoo, but learned in English ways. I have no one else to send, and he is as keen upon a scent as a blood-hound. He—Hindoo as he is—would succeed where all these English fail. I will send Aga."

She rang her bell, and ordered her Hindoo servant to be sent to her.

He came presently—a lithe, sinewy, tall East Indian, with small eyes, and a face as calm and impenetrable as that of the sphinx.

More than once he had saved his mistress's life in India.

Like his wife, he adored his gentle, kindly mistress, and would have walked upon hot ploughshares at her bidding.

To this man Miss Norreys gave her commission, and he departed.

An hour or two later, he had quitted Beechmont, and was on his way to Yorkshire.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Miss NORREYS was the very ideal of a hostess. She comprehended the tastes of her various guests as by intuition, and silently gratified them. For Mrs. Kenright, stout and indolent, were the most luxurious chairs, the lightest fans, the gossiping court newspapers. For the young people, more archery parties, croquet, long rambles, rides and drives, excursions to places of interest, and opportunities for flirtations unlimited.

Wednesday of the following week had been appointed for the excursion to Dunholm Castle. Invitations had been previously issued for a dinner party on Tuesday, the day previous to that appointed for the excursion, to be followed by a ball on the same evening, to be given by Miss Norreys at Beechmont, in honour of her guests.

Upon this appointed evening, the most notable of the county people were entertained at dinner. Among them were Lord Darkwood, who appeared in unusually high spirits.

Miss Norreys appeared to regard him with favour, and he believed that she had fathomed his desire to marry her, and was not averse to his suit.

The dinner was a success. So also was the ball, which came on later. Gwen and the lady Georgina had been invited, but the marquis refused to allow his daughter to attend, and Gwen was forced to remain at home also. The best county people were in attendance, many having come up from London purposely for the occasion. Miss Norreys was riding upon the top wave of popularity, and several new suitors, to the great jealousy of Lord Darkwood, flocked to her standard.

Old General Norreys, her late father, had come of a high family, and his wife had been the daughter of a peer. Society, therefore, received Miss Norreys with open arms. Her fortune was reputed to be fabulous. She was marvellously beautiful and well-bred. She might aspire to any dignity short of royalty, Lord Darkwood said to himself in alarm. No time was to be lost in securing to himself this great prize.

He would have paid her especial attention that evening, with a view to linking her name with his and producing the impression that she was betrothed to him, but Miss Norreys was not to be entrapped into a net so exceedingly apparent.

She avoided him throughout the evening with such adroitness and cleverness that he did not suspect that she avoided him.

The Duke of Rosstynne claimed a large share of her attention, and seemed to have fallen in love with her. His grace was a widower, elderly, still handsome, and well worthy the love as well as the ambition of Miss Norreys.

Lord Darkwood was in an agony. What if the duke should snatch up the glittering prize from before his eyes? His high spirits evaporated. His fat face took on an expression of misery which Miss Norreys could not avoid noticing.

There were others in close attendance upon the beautiful hostess, who was matronized by Mrs. Kenright and attended by her bevy of resident guests all very brilliant in full dress. Miss Norreys promenaded with a noble earl, danced repeatedly with other gentlemen, and also promenaded with Lord Chilton, who did not dance.

There was something extremely friendly in the relations of Lord Chilton to his hostess, the marquis noticed with increasing gloom. They seemed upon confidential terms. Why, she must be as old as the viscount, and he had the look of a boy beside her.

Could she be intending to throw herself away upon that young viscount? Lord Darkwood asked himself, savagely.

"Women are fools!" the marquis muttered. "A woman at twenty-five is older than a man of the same age. She might be a duchess or a marchioness, if she chose, and yet she smiles on that boy! The county is running after her. She will be the rage. She will make a sensation when presented to her Majesty. She suits me in every way—gratifies my pride, satisfies my love, and I will have her! Why should I wait for further acquaintance? The prompt wooing is usually the most successful. I'll ask her to-night to marry me. I cannot much longer endure this suspense!"

He had made up his mind to propose to her without further delay; now for the opportunity.

He looked for it long and vainly.

She was engaged every moment before supper, and the Duke of Rosstynne led her out to the banquet room.

Lord Darkwood offered his arm to Mrs. Kenright and was supremely miserable throughout the period she devoted to the refection.

As to him, he ate nothing, but he drank a good deal to fortify his courage, and finally conducted his charge back to her chair in the dancing room and wandered aside, watching eagerly for the opportunity he craved.

It was somewhere about two o'clock when the opportunity was at last afforded him.

The Duke of Rosstynne had been superseded in his attendance by another gentleman, and Miss Norreys had paused with him at the head of the room, at a convenient point to overlook the dancers.

Lord Darkwood made his way to her swiftly.

"Will you promenade with me, Miss Norreys?" he asked, before she could turn from him.

Miss Norreys graciously assented.

Taking his arm, she strolled down the grand apartment, blazing with lights and jewels and radiant toilet, herself the fairest woman there.

She was dressed in a cream-tinted silk of superb quality, and made up with pointed lace into a toilette of exquisite beauty and elegance. Diamonds flashed from her hair, neck, arms and ears—great limpid jewels which Lord Darkwood, deeply as he was in love, and anxious as he was about his fate, mentally appraised at immense value.

He led her toward the conservatory.

It was brilliant with gas-lights. The air was heavy with sweetness. The long avenues of bloom and vivid colour were nearly deserted, the ravishing strains of a Strauss waltz calling the guests to the ball-room.

Lord Darkwood conducted her to an avenue embowered in orange trees, in all the glory of waxen flower and golden fruitage. They were alone. His opportunity had come. He would "stake all upon the hazard of a die," and ask her to marry him.

And Miss Norreys comprehended what was coming, and a subtle tremor shook her slender frame. Would she accept him? Ah, she did not know herself.

(To be continued.)

A CRUEL KINDNESS.

It was kindly meant, the series of deceptions that I am about to describe, and I tell myself so whenever I think sadly of the disastrous effect.

We, Mazie and I were orphan sisters, and we supported ourselves by our own labours, I doing fine embroidery, Mazie by colouring prints.

When we were girls of eighteen and sixteen, I the eldest, our parents lived in a pretty house in Chelsea, and my father was clerk in a London bank.

It was in December, I remember well the pretty surprises we were preparing for each other at Christmas, when the great trouble of my life fell upon me.

I say my life, for although Mazie was in some respects the greatest sufferer, she never realized her misfortune as keenly as I did.

We were all asleep when by some mischance a fire started in the kitchen.

We were roused by the smoke to find the whole lower part of the house in flames, and our escape from the burning building a serious danger.

Father called us all to the front of the house, and knotted the bedclothes to lower us from the windows.

By this time the fire engines were assembled, and playing upon the house, but it was before the days of hook and ladder companies, or organized fire companies.

While the hose played over her, our mother was lowered from the window, I next, and Mary, or Mazie, as we always call her, was tied to the knotted sheets.

As our father lifted her to the window, the flooring under his feet gave way, and he fell through, while Mazie was precipitated violently to the pavement.

Only a charred, horrible mockery of humanity was all we saw again of our dear father; and mother, from one convulsion to another, passed into eternity.

But Mazie, after a long illness, recovered her physical strength, but never her mental powers. From a talented, beautiful girl, full of intellectual promise, she became a feeble-minded creature, always loving and gentle, but never fully rational.

All the small fund of money our father had put aside for a rainy day was exhausted in the first year after his death, for my hands were full with the care of mother and Mazie for many weeks, and sickness and death drew largely upon the money.

But after Mazie was well as she ever was in this life again, I moved to a cheaper boarding-house than we had before occupied, and succeeded in obtaining work. It was a long time, however, before I found employment for Mazie, but after I obtained the print colouring, she was childishly fond of it, enjoying the bright colours, and learning to do the work quickly and neatly.

In our lonely life, we had one true friend in the boarding-house, an old lady, who occupied the whole parlour floor, but who came often to our

room next the roof to talk with us as she worked. She told me that years before she had lost her only child, a daughter, who looked like poor Mazie. She showed me her portrait, and I could easily see the strong resemblance.

Both were fair, with golden brown hair in long ringlets, large blue eyes, and delicate features, and both had a certain wistful expression that was strongly marked in each face. It was this resemblance that attached Mrs. Ryder to poor Mazie, and made her a fast friend. With ample means, she was very delicate in her gifts, confining them to confectionary, fruit, flowers, a canary bird, and other offerings of friendship that never hurt our pride, or seemed like charity.

We were all sitting in our attic room one morning, Mrs. Ryder watching Mazie, who was colouring a large pile of valentines, I sewing busily, when my sister said:

"It must be sweet to have a lover who sends you a valentine every year!"

She said it so wistfully, with such an expression of struggling, clouded womanhood in her soft blue eyes, that I turned my face away to hide my tears. But Mrs. Ryder drew Mazie on to talk, and we learned for the first time of the reaching for love, all vague and misty, in the poor, feeble mind. A lover was a glorified ideal with the child, a something that would come into her life, as other lives, in time.

Never, in all our sisterly intercourse, had Mazie opened her heart to me, as she did to Mrs. Ryder from the first. It may have been because I was ever busy, anxious too, most of the time, while the gentle old lady, with her sweet, motherly face, was always ready to sit beside my sister and sympathise in her changing moods. It seemed sometimes as if she actually felt as if her own child had come back to her, afflicted, but loving, asking mother love again.

So, on this day, she talked with Mazie about that wonderful, possible lover, as if she too fully expected his coming.

I was not surprised that Mazie received a most costly and exquisite valentine, when the fourteenth of February arrived, nor that it was signed Rupert, for that was the name she had decided was the best. The valentine was a painted sheet, as usual, but enclosed was a beautiful ring, with an enamelled pansy, diamond hearted, and of finest gold.

After that day Rupert became an ever present ideal with Mazie, who never seemed to wonder that he did not appear in the flesh. Our old friend seeing that the dream brought happy light into Mazie's eyes, encouraged the pretty fancy, and sent her like gifts now and then, bouquets of the choicest flowers, baskets of rare fruits, copies of poems. But the crowning delight was a miniature picture of a noble face, very handsome, that followed Mazie's expressed desire to know what Rupert looked like.

I ventured then to question the wisdom of so fostering the poor girl's imagination, a fear lest she might at some time meet an original of the miniature. "No fear of that, dear," our old friend assured me; "the original of that portrait was a young poet, a friend of my husband's, who died twenty years ago. Let the child dream her dream. You see she is perfectly satisfied with the proof of Rupert's love, never questioning his strange absence. She has so little to make her happy: Do not take away her lover!"

So I was silent, though I feared for the awakening when I saw how strong was the dream.

Even in her sleep, Mazie would murmur softly: "Rupert! dear, dear Rupert!"

She cherished the gift, she wore the locket containing the miniature upon a ribbon round her neck, she learned verses of the poems by heart, and she talked of his coming, at some future time, as the crowning happiness of her life.

And strange as it may seem, the clouded intellect brightened in the light of this dream, in womanly ways.

She had been utterly heedless of her dress, allowing me to curl her hair and put on just such clothing as I saw fit.

But she now became impatient when she saw the sombre dresses suitable for our recent mourning, and pleaded for such as we had worn before our double bereavement.

And I, willing always to please her, sat up far into the night altering some of our old dresses to fashionable shape, and making them daintily and pretty to suit her fair, sweet beauty.

She was delighted as a child to find herself arrayed in bright muslins, soft white dresses and the ribbons and the trinkets I unpacked from their resting places for her use.

She began to take an interest in reading, poring over her books of poems and the daily papers, sorely straining her poor head in the endeavour to recall some of the knowledge acquired before her injury.

She would sing again, recalling the airs she had learned before our father died, and one morning, in Mrs. Ryder's room, she surprised us by opening the piano and playing snatches of music she had learned, though she failed to recall any entire air, and could understand nothing of the notes when placed before her.

"I must try to remember my music before Rupert comes," she said brightly, "for I am sure he loves music!"

It seems incredible to me, when I look back, that for two entire years Mazie cherished her dream of Rupert, never doubting, never impatient, utterly happy in her delusion.

At Christmas, New Year's, St. Valentine's day, and on her birthday, she received pretty gifts of jewellery, and often still came flowers or other lover's gifts to increase her delight in this fancied devotion.

The two years were over, when Mrs. Ryder was taken suddenly ill, grew worse rapidly, and died in less than three weeks from the day when she was first sick.

During all these weeks she was nursed by her niece, who came in answer to a telegram, from another city.

But Mazie was ever with her, and I took my work to her room every day.

After she died we found that she had left us six hundred pounds each, so that the days of pinching poverty were over.

But in her desk we found a letter directed to Mazie, and sealed.

The lawyer who conducted her affairs handed this to my sister, and we carried it to our attic room, before breaking the seal.

I was moving about, putting the room in order, when a strong cry from my sister drew my attention to her.

She was sitting erect and white, her hand clutching the open letter, her eyes full of wild pain.

"What is it?" I cried; "what is the matter, Mazie?"

"Read it!" she whispered; "tell me if it is true."

"I took up the letter. Pinned upon it was a pearl brooch our old friend wore constantly, and underneath was written:

"Will dear Mary wear this in memory of her old friend, and a last token of love from Rupert?"

"Was there never any Rupert?" Mazie said, in the same hoarse whisper.

"Mrs. Ryder was Rupert," I answered. "She wanted to please you, dear, by playing she was your lover."

"No Rupert—never—all false—Rupert!"

Mazie murmured the broken words, twisting her fingers in and out, and with a moan of heart-broken agony fainted away.

The awakening was far worse for her than even my fears suggested. From her long fainting fit she recovered in fevered delirium, and before night a doctor pronounced her suffering from a second attack of brain fever.

Having been assured of the income from our small fortune, by Mrs. Ryder's lawyer, I had my sister moved to a large, airy room upon the second floor, and devoted my time entirely to nursing her. But it was piteous work.

All day she would lie moaning deliriously, and talking of Rupert, begging he would come and take the cruel bandages from her head, or drive away hideous faces mocking her. She lived over again the horrors of the fire, always calling upon Rupert to snatch her from the flames that threatened to consume her. Her only intervals of quiet, were when she folded the miniature of the long dead poet fast in her fevered hands, and nestling her cheek against it, talked to it softly in loving tones and words.

When the fever had run its course we feared that she must die, she was so pitifully weak, and her mind so terribly shattered. But little by little she gained strength, while her reason sank as gradually far below the level that had ever been such sore grief to me. Such little companionship as I had had was gone from that time, for the hopeless blank held none of the gentle, loving ways poor Mazie had ever retained until this second illness.

We had a pretty room now, could indulge in many little luxuries, but I would gladly have gone back to the days of poverty and toil, to have lifted the cloud from my sister's brain, to have heard her clear, girlish laugh, and seen the bright light of happiness once more in her clear, blue eyes.

I have said nothing more of my own love life, but I was engaged to Mrs. Ryder's nephew, a young physician, and soon after our great anxiety about Mazie was relieved, he urged me to be his wife, promising my sister should be tenderly cared for in our own home. He had inherited the most of his aunt's fortune, and had bought a house for our future

home in the country, in one of the wide open avenues, where our invalid could have purer air than in the heart of a great city.

I loved him, and was sure of his love, so six months after his aunt's death I became his wife. Had my sister been ever aware of my presence, ever recognised me or clung to me, I would never have allowed a stranger to care for her.

But she was utterly imbecile, and a kind, middle-aged nurse could attend to all her wants as well as myself, while my husband and I kept watchful care that she was never neglected.

But slowly she wasted away, never again violently ill, but gradually sinking into painless decline, till we knew there was but a little time before she would have perfect rest.

I resumed my old care when she could no longer rise from bed, hoping for some recognition, some token of the old love. And I was rewarded!

One night, when the stillness around us was unbroken, Mazie awakened from a deep sleep, looking into my face with a faint smile.

"Darling!" she whispered, "have you come back! You were away so long! I will tell father and mother you are here! Some time you will come, too, to them. I am going to them, dear! Soon, very soon!"

I kissed her softly, too much moved to speak.

"Our old friend died too?" she asked, presently.

"Yes, Mazie, dear!"

"I remember it all! I had a dream of Rupert, and I loved him! Oh, how I loved him! There was no Rupert, dear! She meant to be kind, but it was a cruel kindness, sister, a cruel kindness!"

And I, writing of all this, twenty-two years since we put Mazie to rest beside our parents, echo her dying word.

It is a cruel kindness ever to deceive the weak intellect over which Heaven has thrown a shadow.

A. S.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

MADAME BRUNAUT sat waiting for the luncheon to be brought, but at the same time she was watching her sister-in-law, with a look of keen suspicion on her handsome, haughty face.

Lunch came. The two ladies partook of the meal in silence. Occasionally Mrs. Tracy tried to talk, but it was plainly an effort, and Madame disdained to be talked to on those terms.

Presently a servant entered with letters, which he handed to Madame Brunaut.

"Is there not one for me, Antoine?" demanded Mrs. Tracy, in French, with an accent which would not have disgraced a Parisian.

Antoine answered that he was in despair, but there was not.

He went out, and Madame Brunaut sat leisurely opening and reading her epistles with exasperating composure.

"Is that not Edward's handwriting," demanded Mrs. Tracy, suddenly, as her relative took up the third epistle.

"It is."

"What does he say? Has he written to me?"

"I have not read the letter yet," replied Madame Brunaut, in her most icy voice.

Mrs. Tracy would not speak again. She looked vexed and troubled enough, as a woman might whose husband had written to his sister and neglected his wife.

"Edward finds himself obliged to go on to Brussels, perhaps to Amsterdam," Madame Brunaut said at last.

"Does he say anything else?" asked Mrs. Tracy, forcing herself to speak calmly.

"The rest is about the business here; it would not interest you," replied the lady, calmly putting the letter in her pocket.

Mrs. Tracy sat silent for a few moments. Madame Brunaut serenely began to read the newspaper.

When her sister-in-law rose, so impatiently as almost to upset her chair, she raised her handsome eyes in cold reproof.

Mrs. Tracy rang the bell.

"Antoine," she said, when the man appeared, "order the carriage."

"Are you going out in this sun?" asked Madame Brunaut.

"Yes; I half promised to take luncheon with Sophie De Tuionville. It is early yet—I shall go." She left the room.

A few minutes later Antoine appeared with another letter.

"The postman discovered it after he had left the house," he explained. "It is for Madame Tracy."

"Leave it on the table," was the answer. "Madame Tracy will be back in a moment."

As the man obeyed, Madame Brunault glanced at the superscription.

It was Edward Tracy's writing.

"Am I to go now to London, as madame desired?" Antoine asked.

"Yes. Go to the warehouse and tell Monsieur Roland I shall be there to-morrow, in time to arrange what we were speaking of."

Again Antoine bowed and departed. Madame Brunault sat still and read her newspaper.

"It will do Genevieve good to wait a few minutes," she thought. "She ought to be ashamed to show such childish temper, because she believed there was no letter for her. She is jealous always of Edward's writing to me."

Presently the carriage drove round.

Next she heard Genevieve's voice in the hall, addressing her maid.

Mrs. Tracy did not enter the room, but passed straight out of the house.

"Childish, impertinent too," said Madame Brunault. "It is an unpardonable weakness not to stop and bid me good morning. Very well; let her bear the consequences. She can wait for her letter till she comes home. It is only right that she should pay the penalty of her temper. I am not vindictive. I feel only contempt for her stiffness; but I am a just woman. I consider it well she should see that, by giving way to her sinful disposition, her desire to treat me rudely, she deprived herself of the love of her husband's letter."

Madame Brunault looked the impersonation of beauty as she reflected. She heard the carriage roll away with much serene satisfaction.

After awhile came visitors. Among other idle gossip Madame Brunault was told that Count De Thionville had come back to his sister-in-law's house.

The count had been there the week before, and she had gone off to visit some friend.

"That is why Genevieve was so anxious to go there," thought Madame Brunault. "Ah, I am not to be deceived."

When her visitors had departed, she wrote letters and consumed an hour or two; but Genevieve did not return, and Madame Brunault rang and ordered her carriage.

She drove to the De Thionvilles' villa. She was intimate at the house, and so did not wait to be announced, for she wanted to see just how everything would appear if she entered unexpectedly.

In the reception-room sat Genevieve and the count.

Sophie was not visible.

The count was talking; Genevieve was gay and sparkling.

They both started at Madame Brunault's entrance.

She was sweetness itself to the count and to her relative.

"Genevieve," she said, "this letter came for you. I drove this way in order to bring it."

"Thanks," said Mrs. Tracy, and put it in her pocket.

"It is from Edward," said Madame Brunault.

"I know it," replied Mrs. Tracy.

The count glanced from one lady to the other and smiled under his moustache.

He was a shrewd man, and understood that the elderly lady was trying to exert authority and that the younger was in a mood to rebel.

Madame Brunault caught the smile and misinterpreted it. She fancied it betrayed triumph on the count's part at Mrs. Tracy's indifference.

Sophie De Thionville came in, beaming with smiles and good nature, kissed her dear Madame Brunault, and tried to detain her.

But the lady had other calls to make, she said—she must go, and out she went, more convinced than ever that Genevieve was the most heartless coquette in existence—it not worse.

Madame Brunault had cordially disliked her sister-in-law from the first—indeed, she had done so in advance, for the bare idea of her brother's marriage was all and wormwood to her.

Seventeen years before Madame Brunault had been Josephine Tracy, the daughter of a wealthy merchant.

Even at eighteen she was too haughty and overbearing to be a favourite with the opposite sex, so when her father lost all his money she accepted the only hand extended to her, that of Monsieur Brunault, an ugly little man, but little, however, only in a physical sense, for he was a keen, clear-headed man of business, and very wealthy.

Josephine had gone through a sort of romance.

That is, she cared for handsome Howard Mayne, who never thought twice about her after the summer

which threw them together in the country, where Josephine had mistaken kindness and politeness for a stronger feeling.

But she was quickly undeceived.

Howard told her himself of his engagement, never dreaming that the news could hurt either her vanity or her heart; indeed, he gave her small credit so far as the latter possession was concerned.

So the following autumn Josephine was eighteen. Then came her father's failure in business, and old Monsieur Brunault's offer of marriage.

The choice lay between accepting him and becoming a governess.

She took the former course, and went with her husband to France.

Soon after her father died. Even that did not greatly soften the daughter's heart toward his memory.

She could never forgive his having made no arrangements for her future, while he still possessed money.

At least he might have insured his life for her benefit, she said to herself; and his regrets that he had not done so only irritated her.

But, in truth, he had never thought this necessary; he had expected to leave plenty of money; and ruin came so suddenly that there was no possibility of thus aiding her when, at last, the idea suggested itself.

For five years Josephine lived with Monsieur Brunault in his handsome villa near Marseilles. Then he died in a fit, and, behold, his affairs were in such a state, that for a second time ruin menaced the proud woman.

On this occasion she was spared that blow. Her brother, Edward Tracy, was then five-and-twenty. He had been a youth in college when her father met with his reverses.

Edward had left the halls of wisdom, and plunged manfully into business, assisted by an old friend of the family.

A series of those wonderful successes which read like an Arabian Night's story, common as they have been in our day, had made Tracy a rich man.

But he was still too young, he felt, to remain idle. He found that monster's business only needed a head to insure its success; he entered into an arrangement with his sister, became her partner, and everything went on well.

The two lived at Les Chataignes, the villa monsieur had bought.

The six years of this life were the pleasantest Josephine had ever known.

Cold-hearted as she was, she adored her brother, and he believed her perfection.

But a third blow befell her. At the end of six years Edward went to England on business.

The next thing she heard was that he had fallen in love.

His marriage soon followed, and the lovely girl he brought back to Les Chataignes as his wife was Genevieve Mayne, the sister of the man whom Madame Brunault always chose to think had trifled with her in the old days.

A year had gone by since the marriage. Madame lived with the newly-wedded pair. She still ruled the house. Genevieve did her best to win the love of the cold, beautiful woman, who at thirty-five was even handsomer than she had been in the height of her girlish bloom.

Finding this impossible, she treated her on her own terms—was kind and polite, but let her alone. She had many little annoyances to bear, but she concealed them from her husband. Yielding and girlish as Genevieve was, Madame Brunault soon learned that it would not be safe to tyrannise beyond a certain extent, and she hated her the more for this knowledge.

Crises did arise between the married pair.

Tracy learned to think his wife capricious, indignantly fond of excitement, and uninterested in his pursuits. But he loved her still, and tried hard to silence the doubts in his mind.

Madame Brunault never acknowledged to herself that she was trying to make trouble between the pair; indeed, she was unconscious that she wished to. She was perfectly honest in her belief that Genevieve was wilful, selfish, coquettish, and needed wholesome discipline and restraint. For these thoughts in words she never did—she dared not; but she made Edward Tracy feel them, the thousand ways in which her influence over him rendered it easy to do.

It was autumn now—the delicious golden autumn of southern France.

Tracy was called away suddenly to Paris. As he would be constantly occupied, and there was scarcely any time for preparation, he left his wife behind.

Once his decision uttered, Genevieve would speak no words.

He thought she was glad to be left. She thought he was glad to leave her. So they parted with a certain bitterness in both their hearts.

This was Madame Brunault's work, too. She said to herself that if Edward took his wife, he would neglect the business; it was his sister's business also, so she had a right to protect his interests. She saw how pained Genevieve was, but she elected to believe that it arose from missing the gaieties of Paris; and she rejoiced righteously at this opportunity of inflicting a little more discipline on the frivolous creature.

"Do not stay shut up; promise me you will not," Edward had said to his wife. "Go visit your friends, invite them here—make the time pass pleasantly."

Genevieve did this; not because she craved excitement, but because the old house was gloomy in his absence, and there was more chance of forgetting her loneliness and the vague shadow which had of late troubled her in the society of agreeable people, than in the atmosphere of frigid courtesy to which Madame Brunault treated her.

There were numerous fetes in the neighbouring villas, and Genevieve was a general favourite. Madame Brunault went too.

She told herself that Genevieve needed watching, though, in reality, she enjoyed the festivities a good deal more than the young girl did.

Three weeks passed.

Handsome Count De Thionville came to visit his brother's family.

Madame Brunault discovered that her sister had known him before her marriage.

Madame built up a romance at once, and regarded her relative with increased suspicion.

The count had gone away, and returned the very day this letter had arrived.

Tracy had told his wife of his new journey. He thought that if she desired to be with him, she would propose joining him.

She thought that if he wanted her, he would write to that effect.

So neither spoke, for there are no human creatures so hopelessly obstinate and absurd as husbands and wives who love each other, and yet have permitted the perfect confidence necessary in that relation to be disturbed.

Besides, there is no crisis in mortal existence where every step and action needs to be so carefully considered, as in the first year of married life.

Two weeks more went by. There was a change in Genevieve—a restlessness, a trouble new to Madame Brunault, in her experience of the girl, but she was not slow to assign a reason for it.

It is odd how often women whose own record shows clear enough, are ready to believe the worst of their own sex; and, in the present case, Madame Brunault's harsh judgment was increased by the fact that she had always considered her sister-in-law deceitful as well as frivolous. Howard Mayne's sister, she said to herself, must of necessity be untruthful and treacherous.

Madame Brunault had no doubt whatever that Genevieve had loved this renowned French lady-killer, and been trifled with by him, and had married Edward from pique. Now she was yielding passively to the spell of old memories, to the dangerous influence of this bad man's companionship; for, of course, he was bad—the idea had from the first been firmly established in her mind.

Well, Genevieve must go her way; it was not her part to warn her! Advice would be treated as an insult, or put aside with impertinent mockery. All that she could do was to be watchful to open her brother's eyes the moment her suspicions became certainties. And they would become such! Josephine Brunault was as sure of this as she was of being herself animated by a strict sense of justice in every thought and plan.

The trouble and restlessness increased.

Genevieve went out more and more, and twice pointedly avoided the companionship of her sister-in-law.

Still four days elapsed.

Passing through the lower hall, one morning, Madame Brunault met Antoine with a bouquet.

"For Madame Tracy," he said, "with the compliments of Monsieur le Comte De Thionville."

Madame Tracy had strolled out into the grounds, he explained; she would not wish to be encountered with a bouquet during her promenade; should he place it in the salon?

Madame Brunault assented, and passed on up stairs.

When Antoine had gone she hurried back and entered the salon. She took the bouquet out of the vase, and examined it. She was certain that somewhere among the flowers she should find a note hidden.

She was not deceived. Down among the hearts of

the odorous blossoms lay a tiny scrap of paper, pinned fast, and concealed by the green leaves.

Madame Brunault grew pale with horror and indignation. She deliberately opened the note, and read it, regardless of the fact that, whatever her sister-in-law might have done, this act, in its petty meanness, equalled it.

There was only a line:

"I am deeply grieved. I have not been able to arrange."

She put this note back and pinned it securely again. She was satisfied that she had done right. She would have defended her conduct on high moral and religious ground.

She went up to her room, and stood at the window until she saw Genevieve enter the house. Then she descended to the parlour.

Mrs. Tracy sat by the table, her face deathly white.

Madame Brunault talked, forced her to talk. A visitor was announced, and Genevieve made her escape. The call was only noticeable for a fact Josephine learned. The gossip told her that Count De Thionville had been gambling again, and had lost twenty-five thousand francs.

After the guest had gone, Madame Brunault still sat there. The door in the hall was open. She heard Marguerite, Mrs. Tracy's maid, bid Antoine order the carriage, because Madame Tracy wished to drive into Marseilles; he would find her in her sitting-room, the maid added, in the *ren-dez-vous*, when the carriage was ready.

Madame Brunault went out, through a glass-door that led into the garden. She passed round among the shrubberies, to a spot that commanded a view of the window of her sister's private apartment, though she was herself hidden from sight. She wanted to see Genevieve, and note how she looked. What the prying woman expected to discover she could not have told.

She saw Mrs. Tracy come into the room, dressed for her drive, but very pale still. Madame was so close to the open window that she could see this distinctly.

Genevieve sat down by a table, and took from a little satchel, which she had brought in her hand, several cases of jewels. She opened them, one after another, and examined their contents. There was a parure of diamonds and turquoises, which Edward had given her; a set of valuable stones cameos she had at the time of her marriage; none of them ornaments which she often wore.

Madame Brunault's quick mind flashed to a conclusion.

(To be continued.)

THE SPOILED CHILD.

CHAPTER II.

"I SHOULD be vexed with you if I did not know that you are talking for the sake of hearing your own voice," responded the elder, playfully. "You are too good and true a woman to sell yourself, soul and body, were you promised as many silk gowns per annum as Queen Bess had in her whole wardrobe. We must take into consideration the possibility that Pluto might forbid his wife to give her cast-off clothing to her shabby sisters; so I shall not build any extravagant hope upon your future grandeur."

A very humble place was the "best room" of this primitive establishment, in comparison with the city sister's handsome apartments. Lottie noticed, involuntarily, and without defining to herself why she should do so on that particular occasion, how dim were the figures in the red and green ingrain carpet, and how oddly matched were certain breadths that had been shifted from their original places in the process—more than once repeated—of making over. The cherrywood chairs had cane seats, much the worse for wear, and ingeniously mended, in divers places, with interlacings of twine, hard-twisted and waxed yellow; for, so far as woman's contrivance and woman's fingers could stay the progress of ruin, they were exercised faithfully. There was an old hair sofa—a relic of other and more prosperous days—and it, too, was repaired with glossy black cambric, that, "really, if one stood far enough off, did not show so very much," as Hannah had observed when she finished the essay at upholstery.

Clearly, the Garland family had not cultivated a taste for æsthetics, or were wanting in the time and means for embodying their conceptions of the elegant and becoming.

Mrs. Mockridge, seated in solitary dignity in the rocking-chair, with a scrap of fancy netting in her fingers, had been wondering all the morning why her sister and her daughters did not make some exertions,—if actually necessary, sacrifice something that

was apparently more useful than mere show—to maintain a semblance of gentility. "Let us be genteel, if we die for it!" was the spirit, if not the letter, of her motto.

"But this sort of people care so little for such things!" she concluded, with a mournful shake of her head over their stupidity. "I never supposed that Mary could lose pride and energy so completely. And with all these girls to help her! It was positively unpardonable!"

Lottie could have enlightened her upon this point, had the sigh taken articulate language; could have told her how boiling and baking, shirt making, tailoring and dress making, washing, ironing, churning and sweeping, left mother and girls neither leisure nor strength for the study and practice of the finer arts of feminine industry; how, furthermore, the grim bon,Expense, arose up between them and the purchase of so much as a yard of muslin for a chair cushion or a skein of worsted for a lamp mat.

A little money, judiciously expended, can be made to go a great way in rendering a house both neat and pretty; but if the provision of the actual necessities of life has eaten up the last penny, the wisest taste is likely to be unproductive of visible results.

All this flashed through Lottie's mind, as she established herself upon one of the old ottomans—a hard and lumpy seat by the way, betraying painfully and unmistakably its hay stuffing and home manufacture, and prepared to listen to Aunt Mockridge's harangue. It was not short, neither was it rambling. She thought it best that she and Lottie should come to a mutual understanding upon all subjects appertaining to their future intercourse, and what each was to expect from the other before the projected arrangement for the winter was definitely determined upon and announced as a certainty.

"The plain truth is, child,"—one of Aunt Mockridge's great exhortations was that she generally drove straight at the point of her subject, hit her nails plumply and squarely on the head and usually with telling execution—"the plain truth is, child, that you are as much out of place here as a canary bird would be in the barn yard out here, and I don't like to see it! I must have the management of you for a while—the entire control. I shall have you spend six months with me at the least, receive you as a member of my family in every respect; give you a season in the city, and, if things work to my satisfaction, take you to some popular watering-place next summer."

"Oh, Aunt!" Lottie's beautiful eyes danced with rapture.

Mrs. Mockridge smiled, but gravely, as showing that her lecture was not finished.

"I was going on to say that is all I can, at present, bind myself to do. Mr. Mockridge is an exceedingly liberal man, and never interferes with my plans, but he has scores of poor relations of his own, and I cannot expect him to neglect them entirely. Indeed, I have already married off two of his nieces to thriving business men, and neither of the girls had one-tenth of your beauty, sense or conversational talent. Stiffish they never could be, but I managed to make them look very passable, and they really did wonderfully well—thanks to my pushing. Now, you don't need to be pushed—only trained a little to have the country rust rubbed off—an easy task with such an apt pupil."

"Your natural advantages are great, and I give you fair notice at the outset, that I expect you to secure a far more brilliant establishment than did the Misses Mockridge. It will never do for you to marry a poor man, my dear! Love matches are pleasant things in the abstract, and when fortune favours the union, but you cannot afford to make one. You may as well make up your mind to that at once. If you can love a rich man—and any girl with well-regulated affections ought to be able to do this—it would be very agreeable to all parties; but bear in mind, if you should be tempted to fancy a poor man that ought added to ought makes exactly nothing by all rules of arithmetic—and that, when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window! No gospel text is truer than that proverb!"

Lottie's breast swelled and her finely-cut nostrils quivered; but she pressed her foot hard into the tawn carpet, and kept her lips tightly closed. What right had she to resent this very plain speaking—the nakedness of truth which was but the echo of her own words to her sister yesternight? What to Aunt Mockridge were the invisible memories that thronged pleadingly about her, as the infallible aphorism was uttered? What the picture of her mother's mild eyes, full of holy light and love, as her children were wont to see them bent upon her husband's face, night and morning, while he read from the sacred volume at the family altar he had reared more than a quarter of a century ago? Would this very frank utili-

tarian regard as aught but rank infatuation or blind faculty the respectful admiration which the simple-hearted wife still entertained for him whom the world had, long ago, written down a lamentable failure—that most pitiable of human failures—an incompetent, shiftless man? Lottie loved her father not so fondly as she did her mother, for the reason which she did not herself understand while she felt its influences, namely: that the latter had four times the force of character possessed by her partner, and eight times the number of active virtues; yet his daughter had caught the trick from the wife of looking up to him as a being of superior wisdom and goodness, whose person was to be held in pious reverence and his opinions in profound respect.

Notwithstanding these early and rooted prejudices, there was no denying Aunt Mockridge's dogma—and her own—that the pinnacle of feminine folly was attained by the mad girl who wedded a poor man, and while she winced and grew heart-sore at the unadvised suggestion, she could not put from her the inevitable inference that her mother would have acted more judiciously for herself; more kindly towards her unborn children, had she turned a deaf ear to the honeyed persuasions of the spruce and fluent shopkeeper and married, instead, some keen, grasping shopkeeper, or even taken her choice of "the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker," memorable in the pages of Mother Goose as having once occupied, in common, remarkably confined quarters. Aunt Mockridge belonged to the children of this world as palpably as did her sister to the lesser band of the children of light, but she was a wise one in her generation, and since one can had to live in this world, for nobody could tell how many years, such wisdom was not to be despised.

"I hope, for your own sake and your family's, that you have contracted no foolish engagement; that you have no romantic whims about love in a cottage?" interrogated Aunt Mockridge, mistaking the meaning of the half-and-half, half-contemptuous expression of the girl's countenance.

"I am assuredly neither engaged nor in love," was the reply. "And as to poverty, there may be a romantic side to it, but I have never had a glimpse of it. I agree with you in considering it one of the chiefest of earthly woes—a misfortune which should be averted by every honest means."

"A sensible girl! A very sensible girl!" commented the gratified patroness. "She will do you honour yet, Mary!" turning to Mrs. Garland, who just then entered with a glass of milk, cool from the dairy and yellow with cream, and a plate of sweet cakes hot from the oven for the refreshment of her city guest.

The day was sultry for October, and Mrs. Garland wiped her face with her check apron, as she sank upon the sofa, after depositing her modest refection on the table at the visitor's elbow.

"I am glad to hear you say so, Charlotte! Lottie is a good daughter. We have always been proud of her. Our only trouble with regard to her has been that we were not able to give her the advantages of education and society which we felt she ought to have. Her father and myself are very much obliged to you for your kind efforts to supply her deficiencies in this respect. She has been more tenderly nurtured than her sisters, because less robust, and has been paler than usual of late. The change will be beneficial to her in every way."

"And to you, too, I trust!" said Mrs. Mockridge, significantly, sipping the milk, and evidently enjoying the crisp cookies manufactured after a receipt which the sisters had often practised together in the home of their girlhood, thirty years ago. Mrs. Garland had devised this little treat with express reference to their bygone days—a touch of sentimentalism thrown away upon the practical worldling. "I shall be grievously disappointed if the whole family are not better off for the events of the next half year."

Mrs. Garland patted Lottie's shoulder proudly, yet with a look that showed she had not quite comprehended the drift of this latest observation.

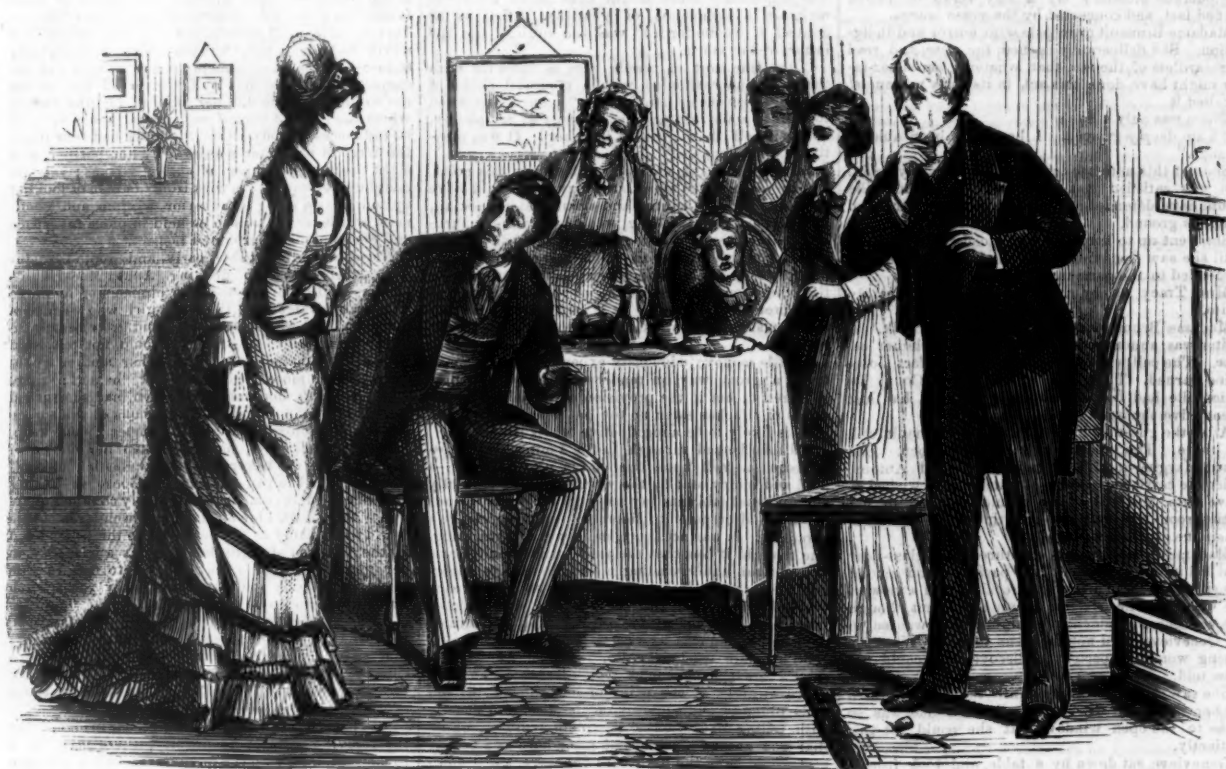
"As to that, sister, whatever makes her happy must benefit us by increasing our enjoyment. Why, my darling, what is it?"

Lottie had thrown her arms around her mother's waist, and buried her face in the folds of the check apron.

Aunt Mockridge took another sip of milk and bit of cake before she answered, very amiably, but as if she thought the incident a pleasant jest—

"She is crying, like a little goose!"

Lottie's intended visit to London was the inexpressible theme of thought and conversation in the farmhouse all through the month that elapsed between Mr. Mockridge's departure and the day set for that of her niece.



[THE SURPRISE.]

Fingers were busy as well as tongues, for the fall work was all to be done, and this season there was more than usual.

"Make no preparations so far as your wardrobe is concerned," had been one of Aunt Mockridge's many orders to her namesake. "Take it for granted that you have not a thing that will be suitable for your wear while you are with me. I made you try on my travelling dress on purpose that I might order one from my dress-maker for you. I will send it up to you. Leave everything else behind you. Perhaps the girls can make some use of your clothes. You will certainly never want them again."

"You are very good, sister—too good!" began Mrs. Garland, fairly overpowered by this extravagance of generosity. "But Lottie has several very handsome dresses—handsome enough to be worn anywhere—and a really elegant cloak—the one you sent her only last winter, and it seems a pity to put you to the expense."

Lottie cast a quick glance at Lizzie from the covert of her long eyelashes, to see if she could detect a responsive look to her instant comprehension of the reason why the articles mentioned, of all others, were not to be produced in the sight of Mrs. Mockridge's servants and neighbours.

Even the cloak had been sported for an entire season by the original owner, and the fashion of such articles having taken a complete turn—a veritable commersault—in the course of the intervening summer, it was utterly impossible for optics polite ever to look at it again with a ray of favour.

It had served the country niece well enough, but it did not comport with Mrs. Mockridge's plans to have the beauty whom she meant to elevate by her patronage to belleship and matrimony, make her appearance upon the boards of fashionable life arrayed in her aunt's cast-off raiment.

But no embarrassing reflections marred the complacent dignity of Aunt Mockridge's bearing or rejoinder.

"I never do things by halves! Lottie becomes my child for the time she is to spend under my roof, and I must have the sole management of her. I shall dearly enjoy selecting such dresses as will best set off her style of beauty, which, by the way, is an uncommon one. You seldom see a skin so purely transparent—a complexion so fair and yet so blooming joined to brown eyes and that peculiar shade of chestnut hair. She is sure to produce a sensation!"

Aunt Mockridge had sent Lottie off to bed in the chamber she had shared for years with her crippled sister, the prudent trainer having added to the present injunction an admonition to the effect that

she must not spoil her eyes and complexion by late hours.

"I hope the Turkish lord for whose seraglio I am intended will be less strict in his rules!" continued the beauty, shaking out the coils of her shining hair before the little mirror that reflected a sourly-sombre visage. "I hate to be ordered, this way and that, as if I were a baby!"

"My love!" expostulated Lizzie, shocked and pained. "If you look forward to your sojourn with aunt in this spirit, you had better stay at home. Here, you are sure that no one wants to speculate upon your personal attractions."

"Ah! but see you not, my dear, that I am altogether too fine an article to be disposed of privately—to be wasted upon the home market? Competition is the life of trade, and if I am exhibited to connoisseurs in such wares as my 'uncommon style,' I may command a fancy price."

"Lottie!"

"Don't look at me in that sorrowful way, Lizzie! I am very thankful—only too happy to my show-woman for giving me a chance of sale. I shall submit to the curb patiently enough when I enter the ring—never fear!"

Lizzie's hand closed the lips that would have finished the self-deprecatory sentence.

"While you are a very pretty, very loveable girl, who is prone to morbid imagination where herself and her merits are concerned. Seriously, my child, I must speak to mamma about this matter, and entreat her to put a veto upon all this talk about your winter with Aunt Mockridge, if the mere prospect engenders such unpleasant ideas. I cannot have you made miserable to please all the rich aunts in Christendom. We will keep you with us; let our fairest flower blush unseen by curious or critical eyes."

"Not for the world!" cried Lottie, in terror. "When I think of what depends upon my looks and conduct during the coming winter, I am a little nervous. I promise to choose my terms more carefully after this. You can only make me wretched and displeased aunt beyond forgiveness, by interfering with existing arrangements."

Still, Lizzie, heeding the dictates of reason and feeling more than her young sister's pleadings, did adventure a warning word to her mother.

"I hope that Lottie will be happy with our good aunt," she said, one day, when Mrs. Garland was alone with her eldest daughter, and the topic under discussion was the petted darling and her prospects.

"But, did it ever occur to you, mamma, that, with all her virtues, Aunt Mockridge is a bit of a match-

maker? It is plain to me that her highest hopes for Lottie are founded upon the belief that her pretty face will win for her a husband."

Mrs. Garland settled her spectacles over her stock-
ing-mending with a fond smile.

"She does seem to entertain some such expectation—to have an amiable weakness for bringing young people together and making them happy. But she is a prudent woman, with excellent principles, and I feel confident that she would never encourage the visits of any man to Lottie, while she is under her protection, whose character was not irreproachable. I do not pretend to conceal from myself or you the fact that, painful as would be the trial of parting with the sweet child, who makes up so much of the joy of our home, Lottie would be more comfortable in a position better adapted to her tastes and needs. Every woman is happier in a home of her own—always provided that she has a congenial companion. We cannot spare you, my precious girl! We have always hoped and expected that you would remain with us and comfort our old age, but it would be a relief to my mind to see your sisters happily married. If Lottie should meet with any one at her aunt's or elsewhere, who loved her as truly, and who would make her as good a husband as your father has me—this was uttered in a confidential tone and with a touch of wifely pride that was very beautiful to behold—"I feel that I could bring myself to resign our dear one to his keeping, almost cheerfully."

Lizzie's smile was tender, thoughtful—almost sad. Should her beautiful sister attain the height of worldly wealth and honour to which she aspired, would she be able to say more, after thirty years' daily companionship with the man of her choice, in praise of him and gratitude for the happiness he had conferred upon herself, than this unsophisticated wife had spoken out of the full depths of her thankful, loving heart, touching the partner of her life-toll?

Lottie's manner, in these last days at home, was unusually affectionate even for her, who was ever fondly demonstrative to parents, brothers and sisters.

Lizzie, looking back upon this period, in subsequent years, could see—or believed that she could—that there had been a solemnity of tenderness in Lottie's mien—presence of approaching and enduring separation in the great, mournful eyes which were often fastened upon her face; in the strain of the embrace, the tearless sob that sometimes accompanied the kiss bestowed upon her, night and morning.

(To be continued.)



[A FALSE WITNESS]

REUBEN; OR, ONLY A GIPSY.

CHAPTER XV.

THE longest night must pass, and the night of Reuben's incarceration, with all its phases of hope and dread, at last gave way to the bright morn.

That the day was to be no common one in Dingley was soon made evident by the crowd, which, almost at dawn, collected round the lock-up, chattering and laughing, full of excitement and curiosity.

What was the extent of the young gipsy's crime? Some said that he had been caught poaching, and that he had killed on the spot two keepers and a stable-boy; others that he had stolen a bag of money and a case of jewels from Talcot, and others that he had attempted to run away with Sir Edward Seymour's horse, Brag.

Rumour ran mad between the hours of eight and ten, and reached its culminating point when Jobson and a constable from Talcot came down in pomp to convey the prisoner before the magistrates sitting at the Town Hall.

A similar crowd filled the Town Hall, waiting to hear the examination, and when Sir Edward Seymour's carriage arrived the coachman had some difficulty in drawing up, the mob outside was so dense and excited.

Sir Edward, with his usual patience, made his way into the Hall and to the bench, where John Verner and Lord Craven were already awaiting him.

Sir Edward shook hands with each, and both noticed the half-annoyed expression of his face.

"This is a bad business," said John Verner, commencing at once. "I am afraid it has caused you some annoyance, Sir Edward."

"It has," admitted Sir Edward, "and it will cause me more if the young fellow be proved as guilty as he is supposed to be. I cannot understand it," and he turned to Lord Craven. "I thought the young man one of the steadiest young fellows in the country; in fact, I entrusted Olive to his care. He has been teaching her to ride, and—"

"This is a great nuisance," said Lord Craven with quick sympathy. "And I am afraid Miss Seymour will be vexed!"

"She is terribly vexed," said Sir Edward. "But there, do you sit on the bench?" he asked, turning to John Verner.

"Er—yes, I think so," said John Verner, colouring slightly. "I am not prejudiced, and I saw nothing of the affair, and—"

"Oh!" said Sir Edward, with a slight gesture, "it is as you think proper, of course, my dear sir. I do not fear that your judgment will be biased, or that you will give anything but a righteous verdict, though your son, Mr. Morgan, is the principal witness, I believe."

"No—indeed, no," said John Verner, "Morgan does not wish to appear in the affair. I tell him that it is his duty to give his evidence, but—well, Sir Edward, he knows that this young fellow—Reuben I think he is called—is a favourite servant—"

"He is not a servant in the true acceptance of the word," said Sir Edward, quietly.

John Verner frowned slightly.

"Well, shall we say protegee, and Morgan has so high a regard for Miss Seymour's feelings that he declares—justice or no justice—he will not appear as a witness against the prisoner."

This speech, which was intended to make a favourable impression upon Sir Edward, was noted by Lord Craven, who glanced keenly from one to the other, then turned away.

Morgan entered the court at the moment and bowed to Sir Edward, who with the troubled look more marked upon his face returned the greeting and took his seat on the bench.

At his right sat Lord Craven and on his left Squire Verner.

The crowd in the court kept up a continual hum buzz of curiosity which increased as the magistrates' clerk entered, and taking his seat below the bench began to arrange his papers.

Then some constables made their way in, followed by the witnesses, some of them with bandages pretty prominently displayed.

The sight of these bandages made Lord Craven look grave and Sir Edward more troubled.

On Squire Verner's face the stern look changed for a moment to a sharp, half-hidden smile of malicious satisfaction, and a glance quick as lightning passed between him and Morgan, who was standing with his hat in his hand where he could see the prisoner, the witnesses and the magistrates.

The clerk motioned to a constable, who cried "Silence," and as the noise in the court ceased a stir from without announced the arrival of the constables with their prisoner.

In a few minutes the door opened, and in they came.

The noise sprang up again in an instant, and the buzz of curiosity was heightened into excitement as Reuben, with torn, dusty dress, and a pale, blood-stained face, which looked tragic in its handsome haggardness, stepped into the prisoners' dock.

"Silence!" cried the constable, and the crowd drew a breath and hushed down.

The three magistrates scanned the prisoner's face curiously.

"Looks bad enough to have committed a murder," murmured John Verner to Lord Craven, who nodded, but replied, sarcastically:

"Yes, and worse than the witnesses!"

Sir Edward looked Reuben full in the face, expecting to see the youth's eyes drop, and see a flush of shame; but Reuben's dark eyes met his unflinchingly, and there seemed to hover for a moment a smile, almost of mingled amusement, upon the clear-cut lips.

Then Sir Edward, the first to speak, said, sharply:

"How long has the prisoner been in custody?"

"Since half-past nine last night, your worship," answered Jobson, pushing forward.

"Since half-past nine? Has he been supplied with water to wash his face?"

There was a moment's silence, then Jobson, making a bold leap, said:

"Yes, your worship."

A smile flitted across Reuben's face.

"And the proper food?" asked Sir Edward, glancing suspiciously at Reuben's wan face.

"Yes, your worship," replied the unblushing Jobson.

"That is false," commenced Reuben, quietly, then stopped suddenly and smiled.

Sir Edward looked sternly at Jobson, but before he could speak John Verner said:

"Had he not better proceed, Sir Edward?"

Sir Edward nodded, and the clerk rose to read the charge, which in plain terms set forth that the former was accused of poaching in the preserves of John Verner, Esquire, of the Grange, Dean Hollow; of committing brutal and violent assaults upon James Redfern, Walter Smith, and John Jackson, and of obstructing the constable in the execution of his duty.

"That is the charge," said Sir Edward gravely.

"Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

After a moment's hesitation Reuben answered:

"Guilty. To the charge of poaching, I plead—"

At this moment a solicitor entered the court; it was Mr. Worsley, and the clerk, interrupting Reuben, said:

"Do you wish to be defended? do you desire to employ a solicitor to watch the case for you? If so you may consult him before pleading."

Reuben shook his head and in a low, but clear voice, as calm and unshaken as if he were answering on a matter which did not at all concern himself, said:

"Not guilty."

The clerk nodded, and put the usual question.

"What is your name?"

"Reuben" was the reply, given in the same calm manner.

"Reuben; what is the surname?"

"I have no other name than that," replied Reuben, a slight flush mounting for a moment to his brow.

"Your place of abode," said the clerk. "Where do you live?"

"I live for the present in Dingley plantation."

"You are a gipsy," said the clerk, eyeing him rather curiously, evidently somewhat surprised at the tone and grammatical nature of his replies.

"And your occupation?"

Reuben hesitated for a moment.

"I do not know what answer to give. I earn my living in various ways: sometimes by labour in the fields, sometimes by breaking and training horses, sometimes—"

Here John Verner's harsh voice broke in audibly.

"Transparent excuses for the usual kind of vagabondage, I am afraid," he said, with a harsh smile.

Reuben turned his eyes for a moment upon the hard face of the man sitting in judgment upon him, and in that moment John Verner felt a strange thrill of discomfort.

"Better enter him as a labourer, I think," he said to the clerk.

The clerk nodded, and then there was a moment's pause while he turned over his notes.

"Are you ready, your worship?" he asked.

"Yes," said Lord Craven; "the case can proceed. Do you wish to be undefended?" he asked the prisoner.

"Yes," said Reuben, respectfully but firmly.

Then Sir Edward said, gravely:

"Call the first witness."

"Thereupon Jobson with an air of great importance cleared a narrow lane in the crowd and ushered in Mr. Griley.

With his crafty face composed into a settled air of innocent gravity and ingenuousness, the old man stepped into the witness box, and after casting a glance at Reuben turned to the bench modestly waiting to be interrogated.

Sir Edward suddenly looked sharply round and said:

"Let the other witnesses—for both sides—leave the room."

There was another stir, at the end of which the clerk commenced his questions.

"Your name is Simon Griley; you are steward to John Verner, Esquire; you were in the Grange premises last night."

"The witness had better give his evidence as a straightforward statement," said Lord Craven.

Old Griley cleared his throat, and turning as far away as he could from the prisoner, said, in his dry, unpleasant voice:

"I was in the plantation, your worship, last night at seven o'clock in the evening, looking for poachers. Some of the gentlemen at the Grange were with me and we were divided into parties. I went alone to the corner—"

"What part of the plantation is that?" asked Lord Craven, making notes.

"The triangular piece to the west of the house goes by the name of the Corner, my lord," said old Griley, leaning up at the bench.

Lord Craven nodded.

"Is it within sight of the house?"

"No, my lord."

"Go on."

"I was standing amongst some bushes, listening and watching, when I heard something moving at a little distance, in the direction of the house."

The interest of the crowd discovered itself by the intense silence and attention which prevailed; every word seemed to be weighed.

"In the direction of the house."

"Yes. I knelt down to hide myself, and looking through the bushes saw the prisoner creeping along towards me."

Reuben, who had been listening with his eyes wandering from the crowd to the magistrates, started slightly and turned an amazed regard upon the wrinkled face in the witness box.

"He came quite close to me, your worship, and I saw him distinctly take a hare from a snare."

Reuben's face at this assertion bore description:

for a moment pure amazement sat upon it then came wrathful indignation, and, lastly, an amused look of scorn and contempt.

"Well," said Lord Craven, as old Griley paused and wiped his thin lips on a large red cotton pocket-handkerchief.

"I jumped up, my lord—your worship—and called out to him, whereupon he flung the hare away and ran off. I followed for a few steps, then turned back to get the hare, and when I had found it, the prisoner had disappeared. I heard a horse galloping along the hurdle path, and ran in that direction—with the hare in my hand—and came up with Mr. Morgan Verner just in time to stop the prisoner, who was mounted on one of Sir Edward's horses."

"Stop a moment," said Lord Craven, seeing that neither Sir Edward nor Mr. Morgan seemed inclined to speak.

"You say that you saw the prisoner riding towards you on one of Sir Edward's horses; from which direction was he coming?"

"From the Grange," said Griley. "He had left the horse on the path, I expect."

"Tell us, if you please, what you saw, not what you expect," said Lord Craven.

Old Griley eyed the young lord for a moment with an anxious smile of mock humility, then continued:

"Mr. Morgan and I called to the prisoner to stop, and as he did not pull up we seized the reins and called for help. Some of the keepers and gentlemen who were near ran up and got round the prisoner, who behaved in a most violent way and struck about with his whip. Mr. Normanby—"

"Is Mr. Normanby here?" asked Sir Edward, speaking for the first time.

"He is outside the court, he is one of the witnesses, your worship," said Jobson, who had recovered some of his confidence and was looking pompously around.

Sir Edward nodded and motioned with his hand.

"Mr. Normanby came up and laid his hand on the prisoner's arm and asked him to give himself up quietly; he was quiet for a little while, and Mr. Normanby, after a conversation with Mr. Morgan, which I did not hear," said the crafty old man,

"asked the prisoner if he had a hare about him. The prisoner put his hand to his bosom and refused to answer. Mr. Normanby asked him again where he had been and what he was doing in the woods at that hour of night."

"In the evening at seven o'clock," murmured Lord Craven.

"And the prisoner refused to tell him, said it was no business of his, and then spurred the horse over some of the men and dashed off."

"Got clear away?" asked Lord Craven, with surprise.

"Yes," said old Griley. "Clear away, my lord, and we followed him, but he dogged us, and we came back part of the way."

"Why?" asked Sir Edward.

"Because Mr. Morgan said we were not to arrest him at the Hall, Sir Edward."

"But why not?" asked John Verner, with affected surprise.

"Mr. Morgan's reason, I believe, your worship, was that the affair would annoy Sir Edward, and create a disturbance."

"And so," said Sir Edward, sternly, "you allowed a poacher a chance of escape for such an insufficient reason as that?"

"We had no warrant, your worship," said old Griley, cunningly.

"But surely," commenced Sir Edward, then stopped, and motioned for him to proceed.

The abrupt pause was not lost either upon the other magistrates, the witness, and, least of all, the prisoner, who seemed suddenly to have assumed an interest in the proceedings.

"We returned at half-past one o'clock with the constable."

"This is evidence of the arrest and should have been taken first," said the clerk. "Have you the hare, Mr. Griley?"

Old Griley looked at Jobson and Jobson produced a hare, which was handed up to the bench.

"There are the marks of the snare," said Mr. Verner.

Sir Edward looked at it and passed it without a word to Lord Craven, who examined it carefully and returned it to the clerk.

"Have you any questions to ask the witness," said Lord Craven to Reuben.

Reuben turned to old Griley, who faced round with the cunning eyes half hidden by the wrinkled lids.

"You say," said Reuben, "that the time when you saw me first was seven."

"Seven, or about that," replied old Griley.

"And that I was creeping through the bushes?"

"Yes."

"How did you manage to see me—as you say—take a hare from a snare at that time in the evening, and in a dark plantation?"

"I saw you," said old Griley. "I'm old, but my eyes are good."

"Better than man's ever were," said Reuben, his eyes full of amused scorn.

"One more question. Is it usual for poachers to attack the game in the Grange woods on horseback?"

Old Griley showed his teeth and shook his head as much to say:

"It won't do; you are a clever young rascal, but you can't deceive their worships."

"You must answer the prisoner," said the clerk.

"No; it is not usual," said old Griley, "but I've had to do with poachers before, and anything artful wouldn't surprise me."

Reuben inclined his head and turned away.

Lord Craven then asked a few questions, but he could not get old Griley to depart from his statement, and then Mr. Normanby was called.

His manner was a striking and a pleasant contrast to that of the last witness, and as he told clearly, and without circumlocution, his share in the scene of the preceding night, the most profound silence reigned. As he related the incident of the hare which Reuben was supposed to have had concealed in his bosom, the charge of poaching seemed clearly proved, and Lord Craven looked graver than he had done, and Sir Edward more troubled.

If he had no hare concealed, if he was innocent, why did he not allow himself to be searched; why should he refuse to give an account of his business on Sir Edward's horse and in the plantation?

Reuben asked no questions of Mr. Normanby, and then the witnesses for the assault came up.

The bandages looked very ominous, and as each man told his version of the desperate fight for liberty which the prisoner had made, and his unscrupulous and audacious riding down of his captors, the case of the assault looked very black indeed, and Reuben, pale and blood-stained, seemed in the eyes of all to be a callous, hardened young scoundrel who held men's legs and limbs as matters of no moment.

Black as the case grew, hard and stony as the facts seemed, Reuben appeared quite as self-possessed and calmly indifferent to his fate.

Lord Craven, addressing him, said:

"You have heard the witnesses, what have you to say in your defence?"

Reuben seemed to wake from a dream and fixed his eyes on his lordship's face as if his thoughts had been brought from some distance by a sudden and reluctant effort.

"My defence is that most of these men who have witnessed against me have spoke falsely—why, I know not; I have done them no harm, and don't know them. Yesterday I had business of my own—quite my own—at Woolney, and—"

"For which you stole or borrowed Sir Edward's horse," put in Mr. Verner, sternly.

"For which I took Sir Edward's horse," asserted Reuben, looking at Sir Edward. "I rode him hard—very hard—he is a good horse, and I have amply repaid Sir Edward, who has been kind to me, to add to that kindness his forgiveness. On my return from Woolney, I rode through the Grange woods and stopped at the ale-house for a draught of ale for my horse."

"Oh, not for yourself?" asked Mr. Verner.

"I was not thirsty," said Reuben, apparently oblivious or indifferent to the snare. "I did not need it, and he did; he had gone far and fast. While I was resting him I heard two gentlemen talking on the terrace, and that I might not overhear them I rode off."

"Very delicate sensibility indeed," answered Mr. Verner, again.

"A few yards beyond, the old man and Mr. Morgan Verner stopped me, and accused me of poaching."

He paused, and Lord Craven looked up.

"Well? why do you stop?"

"I have nothing more to say in my defence, my lord. I struck the men, I dare say. It is very likely. A gipsy is not used to be sent up by a crowd like a wild beast. All Mr. Normanby says is true, quite true; and if I have hurt any of them so badly as they say, I am very sorry. Why did they stop me? What wrong had I done?"

"You heard the first witness," said Mr. Verner.

"He saw you take the hare; come, come, why not make a clean breast of it?" said Mr. Verner, sternly.

"Why did you refuse to be searched?"

"Why should they search me?" asked Reuben, calmly.

"You had something concealed in your bosom; it was suspicious, and they expected to find a snare. What was there?"

Reuben did not answer.

Mr. Verner nodded at Lord Craven with a disagreeable smile.

"A clear case, I think."

"I don't know," said Lord Craven, thoughtfully, "there is more than appears on the surface of this affair. Where had he been? Why had he ridden so hard? The horse was dead beat the men have said."

Then he turned to Sir Edward, who sat gravely quiet and uneasy.

"Did you give him permission to take the horse when he pleased?"

"No," said Sir Edward, "certainly not; but— but he might have thought that he was at liberty to use it as he had ridden it several times."

Lord Craven nodded.

"Better send the case to trial, I think," he said. "I do not feel clear about it, do you?"

"No," said Sir Edward; "I cannot understand it. Griley avers that he saw him take the hare, and I suppose—"

"Mr. Griley has been my steward for years," said Mr. Verner, with an unpleasant smile. "He is a man of remarkable integrity."

"Then," said Lord Craven, "you think him guilty of the poaching as he undoubtedly is of the assault?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Verner, moistening his thin dry lips, as if he was already pronouncing sentence.

"And you, Sir Edward?" asked Lord Craven.

"I, under the circumstances," said Sir Edward, then stopped, for his eyes, which had been busy at the end of the court, had caught sight of a face he knew, none other than that of Olive's maid, Topsy, who evidently very pale, and fresh from a fit of weeping, was pushing her way through the excited crowd.

The bustle and movement attracted Reuben's attention, and he looked round.

A change came over his whole demeanour, which from the extreme of indifference and composure changed to the anxious and impatient.

"My lord—your lordship," he said, in a quick low voice, "I withdraw my defence and I plead guilty—guilty to all—everything."

A murmur of astonishment ran through the court. Lord Craven stared at him, and then at Topsy, who, flushed and nervous, was pressing forward to the witness-box.

"What is this?" asked Mr. Verner, harshly. "What does the girl want?"

"A witness for the defence, your worship," said Jobson, reluctantly.

"I do not want any witness," said Reuben, promptly, and with a significantly stern look at Topsy, who seemed afraid to meet his eye and kept her face turned from him. She is no witness for me—she knows nothing of the matter. How should she?"

Topsy gave a sharp sob, and then spoke out:

"Yes, I do."

"Let her be sworn," said Lord Craven, firmly. "Silence! We must have less noise. Let her be sworn."

Topsy was assisted into the witness-box and the Testament was handed to her.

But, before she could get through the few words, Reuben said:

"My lord, is it necessary that this girl should give evidence which I do not desire and will not accept in my defence? I plead guilty, my lord, and demand my sentence."

"Be quiet, sir," said Lord Craven. "The court wishes to hear this witness."

"But," commenced poor Reuben, who saw all that he had suffered and was willing to suffer to keep Olive's name from the vulgar lips of the crowd made of no account from the folly of the soft-hearted girl, "but—"

"Silence!" said Lord Craven, firmly. "You must keep silence. Now, please tell us what you know of this affair. What's your name?"

"Topsy Curtis," returned Topsy, in a faint voice.

"Stand up," said Mr. Jobson, in a voice intended to frighten Topsy, who, however, was so annoyed by it that she plucked up courage and blurted out her story.

"This young man didn't go poaching, my lord, gentlemen. He took master's horse, shure, and it was wrong, but if master knew he wouldn't be sitting there to judge him, askin' his pardon for bein' so bold."

Reuben, with a wild hope that he might gain her silence by an appeal to her duty, said quickly:

"My lord, this witness may have been put forward by my enemies. She will do me more harm than good, indeed she will. My lord, have I not a right—I am an ignorant man—a gipsy—but I think I have the right to refuse her as a witness on my behalf?"

The speech made a profound effect upon the crowd, and more upon poor Topsy, who stared at Reuben with open mouth, as if she thought that he had gone out of his mind.

Lord Craven whispered to Sir Edward.

"The fellow is right, and he is not so ignorant. We can take her evidence for the prosecution. Shall we do so?"

Sir Edward rose.

"I shall leave the bench," he said, with a troubled air. "I cannot be implicated. You and Mr. Verner must settle it."

And he made a step to descend to the floor of the room, but at that moment another commotion occurred, and, lo and behold, there entered no less a person than Miss Seymour, leaning upon the arm of the lawyer, Mr. Worley.

Sir Edward was too thunderstruck to move, and Topsy, seeing her mistress, turned and utterly regardless of the magistrates, said, pleadingly:

"Please, miss, it isn't my fault; he won't let me speak." And her eyes went towards Reuben.

Olive, upon whose face was a bright blush, turned to Reuben, and then her cheek paled.

How white, how ill, how was he looked! And what was that on his cheek? Blood! What had they been doing to him—to him who had acted so bravely, who was willing to sacrifice himself to shield her from a slight annoyance!

"Who says that the heroes have died and that knight-errantry is a thing of the past," she thought, as she met his firm eyes, which said, as plainly as eyes could speak:

"Trust to me. I am as silent as the grave."

Olive looked from him to her father.

Sir Edward passed his hand over his brow.

"Do I understand that Miss Seymour desires to give evidence?" said Lord Craven, who made a low bow to Olive.

"I do," said Olive.

Sir Edward stared.

"What—" he commenced, then said: "You must leave the court, then, while Topsy is being examined. You must leave the court."

"We can take Miss Seymour's evidence first," said Mr. Verner, with as pleasant smile as he could summon, but it was an uneasy one.

Reuben turned to Olive with a reproachful look; it said, "Have I done all this and will you make it of no avail? Do not think of me: I am a gipsy, a foolish young vagabond of no account in the world, which will bandy your name to and fro upon its idle lips because I have done a foolish thing."

But Olive appeared not to notice the look and withdrew from the court.

"Now," said Lord Craven to Topsy—as the constables shouted silence!—"let us hear your story, my good girl. What do you know of the affair?"

"If you please, my lord, Mr. Reuben came to the Hall yesterday morning to see if Miss Olive was going to ride, and I happened to be down in the servants lobby and see him, and as there was none of the young men in the stable, as is a lazy lot, my lord, askin' master's pardon, as would speak to him, I told him that the young mistress wouldn't ride that morning as she was going to the ball at your lordship's."

"Well—well," said Lord Craven, with a smile. "What has all that to do with the charge of poaching against your young friend?"

Topsy coloured and grew confused, and Reuben, who had been listening with a conflict of emotions to the rambling preface, here again interposed.

"My lord, the girl can do me no good; I repeat that her evidence may do me harm rather. I plead guilty!"

"Do you wish the court to convict you of contempt of court?" asked Lord Craven, whose impatience to hear an see what Olive had to do with this case made him intolerant of any interruption.

Reuben shook his head and with a sigh resigned himself to the false position.

"Well," said Lord Craven, "now go on."

"I stopped and talked with Mr. Reuben, who is one of the civilised spoken young gentlemen in the village, I make bold to say," and Topsy glanced round the court—"and I mentioned that my dear young mistress was vexed at not being able to wear her pearl dress, which came all the way from Paris, which is in France, your lordship."

Lord Craven muttered, "Thank you," and smiled at the other magistrates.

"All because of a cherry ribbon which Miss Olive had lost. What does this Mr. Reuben do but ask where this ribbon could be got, and when I told him Woolsey, he says: 'Get me a piece of the ribbon to match it,' or words to that effect, and was as firm as a flint until I ran upstairs and got it him, then he puts the ribbon in his pocket—no, in his bosom, and says he: 'You shall have it at half-past eight,' which was the time I'd said the dear mistress would want it—and away he jumps on the master's own horse which he'd actually took from the stable and saddled, and galloped off."

Topsy paused, out of breath, the crowd in the court pressed nearer and exchanged glances of wonderment.

Lord Craven's face was as impassable as stone, Mr. Verner's hideous, with a hard and sadonic attempt at a smile, and Sir Edward's alight with a generous glow which deepened as he looked at the pale face of the prisoner, who seemed to suffer pain by every word the artless Topsy delivered.

"Well," said Lord Craven, taking notes.

"Well, my lord, he made me promise on my word of honour that I wouldn't tell Miss Olive." Here Sir Edward looked at Reuben with a curious expression. "And though I was dying to tell my young mistress I didn't. The day passed, my lord, and I set out Miss Olive's other dresses, scarce thinking that I should have to get the pearl silk, and at eight o'clock my mistress came up to dress. While I was dressing her Betsy Farmer runs up and knocks and says I'm wanted, and when I got down, who should I see but Mr. Reuben. He'd ridden all the way to Woolsey and—got the ribbon."

A sharp ring of applause burst from the crowd, which had hung upon every word.

John Verner sprang to his feet angrily.

"This is disgraceful," he snarled. "The court must be cleared if it is repeated."

Order was restored, silence reigned again, profound and deep, and Topsy, obeying a nod from Lord Craven, continued:

"Yes, my lord, he'd got the ribbon, and when he came into the light to give it me I see that his face was quite pale like and all over blood. It scared me, my lord, and I asked him what was the matter, but he laughed in his shirt way and says it was the bushes and trees. Then he goes to wash his face, as he said, but he didn't, my lord, for he went straight to the stable and cleaned and fed the horse. Now he didn't have a morsel of food or drink, and it's my belief he hadn't had but one sup all day. How could he, seeing the distance as 'tis to Woolsey?"

"Well, sir, as the master and Miss Olive was getting into the carriage, I was helping my young mistress with her cloak and I caught sight of Mr. Reuben a-lookin' at 'em from behind the shrubs, and just to show him as he hadn't ridden all that way for nothing, I opens the mistress's cloak, so as he could see the ribbon."

Reuben's head drooped for a moment, then he raised it again and saw that Olive was standing in the doorway.

(To be continued.)

IN LOVE; OR, MY MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER I.

It was a great event for my mother when the Stubens had company. The handsome buildings of their estate faced the road upon the opposite side of which was my little farm. My mother and I lived alone in our tiny brown house, the coziest little home in the world, I thought, for many a year.

As I have said, the Stubens lived opposite, and when, in addition to my good old mother's dairy-work, and knitting and Bible-reading, she had the entertainment of watching the Stubens, in the event of visitors, she was quite happy. They were not purse-proud people. Though Mr. Stubens counted his thousands twice over to my hundreds, he was a sensible, practical man, with an interest in agriculture, which he often discussed with me, while his wife was very neighbourly, in an old-fashioned way, and relied greatly upon my mother's knowledge of household matters. A widowed son and his child resided with them; this was all their family. Their servants called me respectfully, "Mr. Donald," and little Leo, the grandchild, often spent whole days at our house.

Still, they had various privileges in living which we had never known; one of these was fashionable visitors. Redwood, as it was called from its grove of autumn maples, was a charming place to metropolitans. They appreciated, fully, its terraced drives, its lawns, its fine shade trees, its hospitality, and—its heir; at least, the female portion of the community did. Still, there were some, I know, indifferent even to such a fine man as Philip Stubens, and came naturally because the place was beautiful, and they were welcome.

But it is true that there were many young ladies, and their arrival demanded the attendance of as many cavaliers from other points of the compass, for Redwood was a rendezvous for the nobility. The summers were usually very gay there, and it was my mother's delight to watch the sailing out of excursionists, to listen to the dance music, to see the ladies on the lawn, to receive from them a courtesy, or bestow on them a favour. Their bright faces seemed to charm her. All the little graces of polite life had for her a fascination. "Just see how white their hands are! and then their pretty ways, as if there was no knowledge of ugliness in them. See their dresses; they just look like a troop of moruing

clouds. No wonder the gentlemen kneel down to put them on their horses."

My dear old mother! her eyesight was failing.

It was during the summer of which I write, that Lucia Mars came to Redwood. She came with her father, who had been a schoolboy friend of Mr. Stubens. I saw her first sitting upon the piazza between the two old gentlemen, her head on her father's knee. It was a regal head, too queenly, it seemed to me, to perform such a childish act—but there was her charm. I never saw any one so proud, and yet so winsome. My mother, sitting at the window, laid her knitting upon her knee.

"Well, now, Donald, who is that?"

"Mr. Mars, of Switzerland."

"No, no—the lady."

"His daughter."

"I thought so. Now isn't that lovely? Where do those beautiful creatures get such pretty ways? But after all, poor little Jenny would sit that way with her father for hours at a time. But then Jenny was only a child."

My mother relapsed into memories of my little sister. I laid down my book and looked through the vines at the group upon the piazza. Group after group of the gay young people came out and sauntered along the piazza, or wandered down upon the lawn, but she seemed to have no inclination to join them; she still sat quietly at her father's knees. They were very wealthy, and she was an heiress, but there came a time when I forgot it.

The next day I stood behind a trellis in the dairy, trimming a grapevine, when the gentle fall of horses' hoofs came along the road, and then I heard a sweet voice:

"Why, what a pretty rustic picture! Who lives here, Mr. Stubens?"

"Donald Grey and his mother. He is a friend of ours, and a fine fellow. Will you go in? The old lady just sits the house."

"Do you know them very well?"

"Very well."

"Then I think I would like to go in."

So Philip Stubens and Miss Mars dismounted from their horses, and came up the path.

I came forward, received an introduction to the lady, and preceded them into the house. My mother was in the little dairy.

Her soft wrinkled cheek flushed a little at the sight of her visitors, but there was no doubt of their welcome, and I saw that Miss Mars was charmed with her.

"What a fresh clean little nest of a place!" she exclaimed. "Why, I never saw so much milk and butter before in my life! See, Mr. Stubens, the fire on the hearth, the sparks flying up the chimney. What a great armchair! I wonder what makes it all look so pleasant and homelike to me; I never had a home in a farmhouse."

My mother smiled. Miss Mars changed her seat, from whence she took up the cat.

"Pussy, how nice and sleek you are. Mr. Grey, were you born here?"

"Yes," I answered.

"And it has always been your home?"

"Always."

"Well, it seems just as though I had lived here, too, when I was a little girl."

"Perhaps you will some day marry a farmer and live in a farmhouse," said Mr. Stubens.

"Perhaps so," she answered, laughing; and I had better be learning how to do it. Mrs. Grey, please show me how you make butter."

She went to my mother's side, and stood there asking questions, the heavy folds of the habit upon the floor, her carnation cheeks glowing under the long green plume of her hat, one tender hand ungloved, the other, in its buff gauntlet, holding the little silver-handled whip. Mr. Stubens' eyes followed her admiringly. I am sure the idea that she would ever make butter was the last she entertained seriously, but she listened attentively to all my mother's directions.

"But you don't want butter without bread, Lucia," said Mr. Stubens.

"No. Now what shall I do? I haven't the least idea how to make bread."

"If you would like to come over and learn, I will teach you how I make my bread," said my mother.

"And excellent bread it is, I assure you," said Mr. Stubens. "Leo will tell you that."

"Then I will certainly come," said Miss Mars.

She lingered after she was on her horse, admiring the little garden, and waiting for me to gather her some pinks which she had asked for. Mr. Stubens humoured all her fancies, attending her as patiently as if he were bound to the service. As they rode up the drive of Redwood, my mother unreservedly pronounced them the handsomest couple she had ever seen.

My mother did not teach her to make bread—

Lucia told me afterwards that she never thought of it again—but the next morning a delegation of pretty young ladies waited on me to know if I would lend my boat for a river lily excursion, and she was one of them. She wore a rich cashmere wrapper; her dark hair was bound up in a net of gold thread; and she charmed my mother more than ever by her beauty, and ease, and graciousness. I promised to lend my boat, and take the party in charge. Mr. Stubens kept no boat, mine was the only good one on the river.

Later, Mr. Philip Stubens came over and made arrangements for my taking charge of a large party entirely of ladies, the gentlemen having made up a shooting party for the woods.

I was waiting at the bank when the carriages came down. There were eight lovely ladies, and I was to take charge of them all! When they had descended from their seats, and all the wraps found, and everybody composed to the verge of waiting, I turned to guide them to the boat. A pretty coquettish girl burst into a merry peal of laughter.

"Mr. Grey," she cried, "you are leading a forlorn hope, if ever a single man did such a thing!"

"Don't laugh at me," I said, glancing back at the radiant troop. "It is only necessity that makes me single."

They scared all the birds from the path, who flew to the furthest trees and carolled back defiance. I think nothing on earth is more merrily mad than a party of city girls in the woods. I remember Lucia Mars sinking upon a log and laughing until her beautiful cheeks were as pink as the ribbons in her hair. A sleeve of her grey dress was torn nearly from the shoulder, showing her bare lovely arm, and a bit of snowy embroidery, and before we reached the boat she had twice lost her slender shoe.

When my beautiful freight was composed in the boat, I pushed off. The water rippled silver away from the prow, and the girls reached to dip their white hands in the waves, laughing joyously, and momentarily endangering the whole cargo by tipping the boat.

Suddenly there came a cry, "There are the lilies!"

There they floated, like great white pearls, upon the steel-blue water, a stray gleam of gold among their whiteness. Their green leaves covered the surface, and the blossoms starred them, like daisies in a meadow.

We rowed in among them, swamping the green leaves, and bearing down the lilies, but amidst much eagerness and many outcries, tacking and paddling to and fro to secure the flowers. I never shall forget those white dripping arms, and shining heads, and beautiful picturesque figures.

Lucia Mars sat more quietly than the rest in the bottom of the boat. I remember her fair luminous face as she looked up at me with a lily in her hand, and it struck me that she looked very like the flower she held.

"Do you know how strange it is to me that these beautiful things came here themselves?" she said. "It is just as wonderful as for a country girl to see a wax lily."

I don't know why it was, but for her eyes, as she said that, haunted me. As she spoke in earnest unconsciousness, her face entered my heart. That long day! In those later years I mark out that day as a picture full of green woods and singing girls, and vitalised by one presence which I never afterwards forgot. She was a little more serious than the rest, yet full of happiness. Her laugh was sweeter than any lark's song.

CHAPTER II.

I HAD a taste for relics and curiosities, and since my childhood had collected quite a museum. It was the next day that Lucia Mars came to my house with her father. My mother was baking, and the old-fashioned oven interested her greatly. Suddenly she spied the little glass case that held my treasures. I saw her attentively studying the minerals and insects and Indian carvings, and rude drawings, and direct her father's attention to them.

"Ah, you are something of an antiquarian, Mr. Grey?" he said. "There is an Indian calumet and arrow heads, and a bit of Plymouth rock, isn't it?"

"No, only a specimen of feline from the mountains," I corrected.

"I used to have a taste for those sort of things," he said. "I have quite a collection somewhere."

In a moment this little episode had disappeared from the surface of my mind.

A week later, when a box arrived from the city, laden with valuable antiquities, I recollected that I had seen Miss Mars whisper to her father, and I knew it was to her that I was indebted for the

carvings in cedar and almag wood, the tiny box of lign alce, containing beautiful specimens of Scotch pebbles, a number of ancient and valuable coins, and a large quantity of rare minerals. Indeed she did not deny it.

"Papa has lost his interest in them, and they were of no manner of use to him," said she, "so I told him to send them to you. See what a beautiful colour this little box of almag wood has."

She never seemed to realise what a favour it was to me.

Day by day she came to the house, sometimes with Philip Stubens, sometimes with the boy Leo, occasionally alone.

When I was at home she played at chess with me; when she found my mother at home she read to her.

She liked the little old-fashioned garden, with its southernwood and pinks, and tiger-lilies that grew in the shade of the plum trees.

She would sit on the grassy edges of the beds where I was pruning or spading, chatting and watching me, her pretty hat hanging from her neck by its cherry ribbons, her white hands clasped around her knee, her dark eyes full of "meditation fancy free."

She always treated me fearlessly; I don't know why, unless it was because I soon feared her. With my mother she was gently wincing; with me, soon, frankly imperious, and I could do nothing but obey her.

It was late in the season, September, when I met her one day riding with her father.

"Mr. Donald," said she, sharply drawing in her pony, "are there not cardinal flowers in blossom now?"

"Yes, Miss Mars."

"Well, I want some to wear at the party to-morrow night, and I want to gather them myself. Papa doesn't know a cardinal flower from an aster, and I want you to go with me."

"When?"

"To-morrow."

"Very well, Miss Lucia."

Her father laughed, carelessly.

"You should never have commenced serving her; she is a tyrant, you see, Mr. Grey," he said.

From mingled feelings I felt myself change colour. One thought was of pleasure at the proposed expedition, another a sensitive shrinking from her father's careless regard of my connection with his daughter. But I bowed, and rode on.

The next afternoon the pony-chase came down Redwood avenue, and Mr. Mars stepped out, giving the reins to his daughter.

"Now be kind enough to have a little care over Lucia by the water, Mr. Grey," said he. "She is very careless."

"Am I, papa? Then Mr. Doland is the steadiest old bachelor that ever was, and you need not fear," said she.

"I will be ready in one moment," said I.

Was I an old bachelor? I was but thirty years old. That was Philip Stubens' age, but he was handsome, and straight, and supple as a Greek statue, I, alas! was taller in the vineyard, and such I looked to be. I glanced at myself in the little mirror of my room, as I made a few changes in my dress. What a square, dark, low-browed reflection it was! Old, or not, I was ugly, I thought. Did I look both to her, I wondered.

She did not dream at what a fearful rate I was thinking as we rode to the river, although she rallied me on my abstraction. We reached the river, and rode slowly along its banks, looking for the flowers. On the edge of a bluff, at last, she espied a gleam of scarlet.

"There! there!" she cried.

I lifted her from the carriage, and she followed my footsteps up the hill. It rose abruptly from the river, and down its perpendicular side the blossoms grew tall and rank.

"Those are the prettiest," she cried, peeping down.

I swung myself over. She looked startled, but stood silent, watching me as I descended. I let myself down.

As I reached for the first flower, the root by which I held began slowly tearing from the ground, and the river, twelve feet deep, stretched directly below.

Instinctively I writhed for a foothold. Lucia screamed.

As the root snapped again, I looked up into her beautiful pallid face. I was in great danger, and she knew it.

"Lucia, promise to love me, or I will not try to save myself," I said.

"You will be drowned!" she exclaimed, crying.

"Promise!"

"I do promise—anything—only come up."

In an instant I was incomparably strong, light and supple, and worked my way back swiftly to her side.

She stepped back like a young empress.

"How dared you frighten me so?" she cried, passionately.

"I was in earnest," I cried.

"I was not," she answered, defiantly.

"You promised me," I uttered.

Her eyes flashed; she restrained herself.

"You went down there for me. I did not want your blood on my head," she said, actually looking down on me from her proud height.

"That is all? You care nothing at all for me, then?"

"You?"

Her cold astonishment stung me like fire.

"I love you, Lucia Mars," I said. "I care nothing for life without you. So help me Heaven! I would have dropped into the river then if you had not promised me. If I took advantage of you I cannot help it, and it need not have been so. What do you care if I do die?"

I thought my vehemence frightened her. She turned away to the carriage and stepped in, sinking down without speaking.

We rode home in silence.

As I lifted her from the carriage at Redwood I detained her a moment, searching her face.

"I can promise you nothing," she said, releasing herself.

I flung the lines to the groom and went down the avenue.

That was a wretched night with a bitter waking. My peace was gone. What had made me happy did so no longer, and my heart was full of an unspeakable pain. To hide my woe from my mother I went to work in the fields. There I thought over once again what had happened. I did not regret what I had done; I was so utterly wretched that I could regret nothing.

I don't know how many days passed in this way. I lived in utter darkness. I ate, and drank, and slept, and knew it not. My mother saw my state, but I begged her not to question me. All this time I did not come face to face with Lucia Mars. I saw her riding with her gay companions, or driving with her father, but I beheld her, as it were, over an impassable gulf. And since she had nothing for me when I reached her, I did not wish to cross it. My state was one of utter despair.

This did not last for ever. One day, in the woods, the soft caresses of Nature reached me. The sunshine warming me, the breeze wooing me, the fragrance drawing me further and further into the silent dim heart of the wood, touched me. The languid blood in my placid veins leaped, my heart thrilled, I felt my cheek pale, and then, with a cry, I flung myself down at the root of a tree and wept away my burden of grief. A grief I felt it to be, but it was not the death I thought it. I still had life, and I must use it to some end. I was making my good old mother wretched by my weakness—she who lived solely for me—I must do so no longer. Heaven help me! I could not but love the girl, but she should not wreck my life. I arose from the grass, stronger and better, and went home. My mother looked up as I entered. The wistful eye cut me to the heart.

"Mother," I said, cheerfully, "don't worry any more about me; I am very well."

She refrained from asking questions, but watched me as I sat down and took up a book. She must have seen a change in my face, for I heard her give a sigh of relief as she arose and went about getting supper.

When I sat down at the table, it touched me almost to tears again to see how she had put by my plate the dish of honey I had been so fond of when a child, and was treated to only on rare occasions.

The very next morning Lucia Mars returned to town.

She went away without my seeing her. I did not even see the carriage drive past, and it was not until my mother told me that they were gone, and I saw the expression of her face, that I knew she suspected my secret.

The winter passed.

I devoted myself to my practical life, and gradually a thought which I had long entertained, but for the past summer forgotten, formed itself into a plan; and after many experiments and much painstaking I formed the model of a new invention for gathering grain. Having done this I took old Mr. Stubbs into council.

"Very clever, very clever," he said, carefully examining the model through his spectacles. "Now let me give you a piece of advice, Donald. Take it to my friend Mars. He has good judgment in such matters; he will tell you whether or not to apply for a patent. He understands those matters better than I."

Alas! alas! how my weak heart leaped! I should see her if I saw her father, and I never thought of refusing my old friend's advice.

With my model carefully packed, I went to the city. I was there bright and early the next morning. How happy, how hopeful I was! How merrily the fountains played in the squares!—how bright the opening sunshine was! I felt as if under the presentiment of a happiness I did not dare look for. I had not been so glad since my boyhood.

With a light heart I ran up the steps of Mr. Mars's house. I saw, but hardly realised, the meaning of the splendid entrance and respectful servant. It was not until I was left to wait in the drawing-room, that the magnificence of the place impressed me. One great painting that leaned above my head was worth all my little farm, I knew. The stiff silken curtains which swept from ceiling to floor must have been worth hundreds. For the first time my gladness was subdued. My confidence vanished, and I waited with an agitation I could not ignore for the master of the splendid mansion. Why was it so? I had known that he was wealthy: what difference did the sight of a few yards of costly tapestry make, in the hopes of my obtaining a patent for my graining machine? Indeed, the heart is deceitful above all things. That beautiful room, with its paintings and statuettes, and air of grace, recalled her breeding and culture, so far beyond mine, and hope left me.

There was a long rich room beyond the one in which I sat, and into this I heard a door softly and suddenly open. There was the entrance of a group of ladies and gentlemen. I saw their stately figures. I heard their subdued laughter, their soft clear accents, and none as yet changed to see me.

"Alice has promised to sing," I heard a familiar voice say, and a beautiful young lady sat down at the piano. Another stood beside her, and in spite of the long robe of golden silk, the proud yet gracious air, so different from the girlish abandon I remembered at Redwood, I instantly knew, with a great heart-throb, Lucia Mars.

I listened to the beautiful singing for a moment, then I rose, intending to steal from the room without being seen by them, but at that moment a door opened beside me.

"Mr. Mars will see you in the library, if you please," said the soft-voiced serving man.

I rose and followed him, indifferent, now that I was going, to being discovered by those I left behind. But I heard Lucia Mars utter an exclamation.

"This way, sir," said the mulatto, with a curious glance at my bent brows and hanging head.

I followed him upstairs into a smaller but no less luxurious room, with walls of books and study-chairs of green velvet.

"Donald Grey! Ah, glad to see you—glad to see you," said Mr. Mars, getting out of a longings-chair by a window. "What news from Redwood?"

"I came to see you by Mr. Stubbs's advice," I said. "I have been attempting an invention, and he suggested my bringing it to you for counsel in regard to applying for a patent."

I opened the box and put the model on the table. The old gentleman instantly gave it his attention.

With an effort I explained to him the process of its construction and the peculiar ability of the results. I had lost half my interest in it and was almost careless of his opinion.

"It impresses me very favourably, Grey," he said, raising his head to look at me through his spectacles, after a while, "but don't be too sanguine about a patent. The patent right office has its ins and outs, like all other national institutions. Your invention may be so-so, and you'll get it patented. Again, it may be first-rate, and you will fail to get a patent. I can assure you nothing, yet I should advise you to send it to London."

"Perhaps I will," I said, carelessly.

"You don't seem to be very enthusiastic about it, and that's a good thing for you; you won't be so severely cut up by a disappointment, if you should meet with one. You see, Grey, your idea is certainly an original one, but some other man may chance to hit on it at this selfsame time, and with an addition. Inventors can't be cautioned too much against being sanguine. I had a brother utterly ruined, once, by depending on them for the support of a family. So don't plan too much good fortune on your graining machine, though it's very clever. Will you stay and dine with us?"

I declined the polite formula, and came away. As I came down the steps I recollected that I had had a vague impression of being an important man when I ascended them.

I felt so no longer. I did not care what became either of me or my invention.

Wearied and too disheartened for any words, I flung myself into the train and returned home.

But the graining machine was not a failure. In the course of a few days I began to think about it again.

Turning to it with a freshened brain, I saw that it had some faults which it were well to correct. I set about improving my invention.

CHAPTER III.

The next fall, with some alterations and additions, I could not see any fault in the machine. Still, I did not apply for a patent.

Somehow I seemed without ambition, and did not care for it. About this time, also came new thoughts.

I took up a newspaper one day, and read a mention of several large mercantile failures. One of them was the firm of Mars and Malvern. I knew Lucia's father was a wholesale cotton dealer, and I suspected that this was he. So it proved to be, and a week later came an elaborate account of the death of Mr. Mars, the well-known merchant, caused by agony at the disaster. An apoplectic attack had suddenly terminated his career.

It had come to be no secret kept by me from my mother that I loved Lucia Mars. We had talked of it several times. She always discouraged the idea as unwise, but soothed my pain with praises of Lucia's beauty. It was she who discovered and revealed the account of Mr. Mars's death; but when she saw how I was excited, she seemed sorry that she had done so.

"Mother," I said, "now she is poor; now she is no longer beyond me."

"Yes, Donald, perhaps so—perhaps she is poor; but she has wealthy friends, you know, with whom she will live now, probably; she won't come among our kind of people, anyway."

"Why not?"

"She was not born or bred among them."

"But she liked this place, mother, you know."

"She would not like it always. It was odd and new to her, but she would not be contented to live here, Donald. Think of her sleeping in the unfurnished attic upstairs, and wearing cotton gowns, like your mother's."

"She need not. I will work and provide her with every comfort."

"My boy, I warn you; do not risk your peace again. She does not love you."

"O mother, she must!"

I know my old mother's pillow was wet with tears that night; as for me, I did not sleep at all, I hoped until hopes grew a certainty. I should win her—she would be my wife. Then I would work as I never worked before to make a pleasant home for her. I would buy carpets and lounges, and books and pictures—all just as she wished. My machine should be patented, and I would amass wealth by it. She should have music; and I would buy for her the little pony she used to ride. My utter devotion—surely that would make her happy; and her old friends, the Stubbs, would be society for her. Certainly—certainly she would come!

I did not disguise from my mother why I went to the city next day. She regarded me sorrowfully, yet putting into my hands all that I wanted as I dressed.

"Donald, Donald! you have your mother, remember," she said, as I kissed her good-by.

"I know, mother," I answered, kissing her again.

As I sat in the train I saw a tear on my sleeve which had fallen from her faded eyes. My patient, loving mother! God bless her in Heaven as she blessed me on earth!

I remember how slowly the train seemed to move. I feared some other lover would reach her before I did. How little I knew the world and other men! As woods and fields whirled by, I leaned back in my seat and pictured more resources to make Lucia happy. And here I lost myself in sweet anticipations, which the stopping of the cars made me remember, with an ill-omened pang, might be all in vain.

But I loved her so it seemed as if she could not resist me, now that she was in trouble.

Surely such tenderness could not come amiss to her if offered when she so needed support, and protection, and loving sympathy.

Thinking this, I came to the house. The door was open—people were going in and out.

The hall was bare. There appeared to be no servants, and the patrician privacy of the place was gone. I mounted the steps and accosted a man.

"What is going on here, sir?"

"Mars's furniture is going at auction to-morrow," he said, and then I saw the red flag.

"Do you know where his daughter is?" I asked, making no sign of the pain which filled me at the desecration of Lucia's beautiful home.

"The young lady has gone opposite to the house of her aunt, they say," he answered, pointing to an equally handsome block across the street. "It's a hard thing for her, they say."

I hurried away. The door opposite had a silver plate engraved with the name "Antony." A servant was washing the steps.

"Does Miss Mars live here?" I asked.
"Yes sir, she stays here," he answered. "Nelly,"—to a pretty maid with whom he was flirting—"show the gentleman into the drawing-room, and call Miss Lucia."

My heart beat fast and hard as I sat down in the rich room, full of morning sunshine. It seemed as if every nerve in my body were strained to support my purpose. A door opened; she entered. Her eyes had a fixed vacant look—her dress was the deepest mourning. For a moment she did not seem to know me, then she pronounced my name with a faint smile, and giving me her hand, she crossed to a seat, and sat waiting for me to speak. Her evident sorrow, and the perfect composure with which she met me, taken in connection, chilled me.

Yet I spoke. I told her that her recent misfortune had made me hope that my suit might possibly be more welcome to her. I loved her—I wanted to make her happy. I had not the wealth to which she had been accustomed, but I had a home, and it should be the labour of my life to gratify her wishes.

She listened to me gravely and then shook her head. It was impossible, she told me. Her misfortunes were heavy, but she was not without a home and friends; the idea of her marrying for a home was superfluous.

Again, our tastes and inclinations were very different, and in no way should we suit each other as companions for life. She was not fitted for my sphere, she could not possibly be happy there, and such a marriage would not only be unsuitable but the source of great unhappiness.

She paused, and then added that she did not doubt the purport of my motive, and that she thanked me with all her heart for my thoughtful kindness. She should always remember me as a true friend.

Her calm words carried their own conviction. There was nothing for me but to utter a few commonplace and come away.

I went home an utterly changed man. I did not love her any longer—my love was gone.

I told my mother the result of my errand. She looked to see me miserable, but discovered nothing in my face but calmness and gravity. The passion of years was dead. I told her how I clearly saw that it had been all wrong from the first. Nothing but unhappiness ever could result from it—nothing but unhappiness ever could result from it. While I had hoped I had loved for her. Now that hope was gone, I had no longer any desire to meet her again. I had no wish to speak to her, to touch her, to claim her. I was glad to be free of my passion. Its departure was a relief to me—I believed I might yet be happy.

My mother knew that this was no sophistry—that I was speaking the calm truth.

Time proved it. I gained health, courage, ambition.

My stock of agricultural knowledge grew; I added to my property, and in two years had the finest farm in the country.

I received a patent for my graining machine, and coined thousands from it.

My mother would not leave her little cottage and old household ways, but I built as handsome a new house as there was in the country. It overlooked Redwood.

I had cabinets and a conservatory, the best furnished of any in the country.

In one of my cabinets were the gifts from Mr. Mars; I arranged them without a pang of memory. In another was a store of eastern woods and barks, laurels from Samarra, cedars from Lebanon, balsam from Jericho; also, calamus, Greek cypress and alnus wood.

Another held rare stones—agates, corals, marbles; the latter a beautiful display, from the pink Phrygian stone to the soft Syrian alabaster.

My interest in these things occupied my leisure hours.

My pursuit of them gained me much information. I was no scholar, nor if I had been educated at the university of Göttingburg should I have had a taste for speculative philosophy and metaphysics, but my desire for all practical knowledge was acute. For this reason I was naturally an antiquarian.

As I grew wealthy I became important, but my reserved habits prevented my becoming popular; I was not made for society. But Philip Stubbs was no longer the lion of the town, for I was the wealthier man of the two, and Highlands was a handsomer estate than Redwood. This I heard the young ladies had decided unanimously.

My mother, still at the cottage, had as fine a carriage as my loving pains could procure, and as she made the circuit of the town in calls, she told me, on her return, that she was courted for her son. She was proud of me and very happy in her infirmity. And I had equal comfort in my fair-faced old mother with her gentle heart and quaint ways.

So much for generalities. Let me add that I was happy—I enjoyed my life. The flush of youth had gone by with me, and those things which are natural at twenty-five were not required by me after thirty-five. I sometimes wondered what I would do with my property in case of my death, having no natural heir, but I had a strong craving for a wife and children. I lived with my mother, or with a visitor at Highlands, just as I pleased. I had a good house-keeper in one place, and a trusty servant to relieve my mother in the other. I worked, and read, and smoked, and rode, with an occasional trip to the city, and a few months spent in travelling. So passed five years.

I was sitting in the garden of the little cottage one evening at twilight, the fragrance of my cigar mingling with the scent of pinks and southernwood, when a carriage rolled up the road and stopped at the gate.

The driver sprang to the ground, and coming up the walk said that a lady wished to see me. I threw away my cigar and followed him, somewhat surprised, yet expecting to see a visitor for my mother.

A face leaned from the carriage door, pale, dark-eyed, dark-haired, and five years older than when I saw it last, yet still young and beautiful—the face of Lucia Mars.

I took her proffered hand; it trembled as I clasped it. I don't remember what our first words were, but she stepped from the carriage and came up the path with me.

"My mother will be very glad to see you," I said; "she is growing old, and keeps her room most of the time, but she has not forgotten you."

"Not yet—I do not wish to go in quite yet," she said; "let me walk here in the old garden for awhile. I want to see you—I want to talk with you."

A peculiar weariness and pain in the expression of her pale face made me give her my arm.

She thanked me, and we walked on in the gathering dusk.

"How long it is since I have seen this place," she said, "and yet it looks just the same. What a happy girl I was when I used to sit here and watch you at work. Good Heavens! shall I again be as happy?"

She stopped and putting her hands over her face burst into bitterest weeping.

Startled and disturbed, I brought her a garden seat and bent over her, entreating her to tell me what distressed her.

"I am miserably weak—that is all," she said, at last, restraining herself. "I believe I am half ill, too, I am so weary. But I must tell you now what I have to say. You remember the day when you came to see me?"

"Very well."

"I had just lost my father—my father and my fortune. For a time the loss of the latter seemed to me of little account, the death of my dear father was such a dreadful blow. My aunt took me home. She was a thoroughly superficial and heartless woman, but she could not see her sister's child turned into the street, as she has since told me, and solely on that account she gave me a place in her family. I was handsomer and better bred than her daughters—that she never forgave me. In a week I knew that an undercurrent of bitter feeling had begun to flow. I did not mind it so much at first; I had other thoughts. Perhaps you did not know that at that time I considered Philip Stubbs much more than a friend. I had other suitors; that winter I had been the belle of my set. I did not know the world; I believed they all loved me. I was accustomed to adulation, and thought it simply my due. I never dreamed how much of my popularity was owing to my father's wealth, until in the course of a few months my lovers had all disappeared, Philip Stubbs among the rest. When you came to me, and offered me your love and a home, I told you that I did not need either. I believed it then. I knew nothing that could induce me to accept of either. Ah, how much I have learned since then! Philip Stubbs failed to console me for the loss of my father. His polite regrets failed to soothe my loneliness and sense of loss. I had thought him so many, so noble! and at the first trial he proved the merest dross. I had no one else to turn to. My aunt had no real affection for me; my cousins hated me because, though pale and wan, I attracted their lovers. I learned the meaning of the word desolation. I had no other relatives but these; no other home but that.

"Soon I wanted money, and had rather have died than ask them for a cent. In spite of my aunt's expostulations, for she dreaded the world, I went away and became a governess. Unused to application of any kind, I had entered upon a trial I had not comprehended. For two years I struggled for my bread. Then I fell sick and was taken back to my aunt. Shocked at my appearance, she has since been kinder to me. Her daughters have married and gone from home, and she finds me useful in the family. My life is more tolerable, but I have learned to its utter extent the folly I committed in refusing. You loved me—I know it, and you are the only person who loved me in my life, excepting my father. I have still my youth, and the thought is precious to me. Donald, was it unwomanly for me to come here and beg your forgiveness, and tell you that I would be your wife?"

"No," I answered, holding her slight hand. So much I could say, but nothing more. As I have said, I did not love her.

"Lucia," I said at last, "do you remember your objections to marrying me?—that we were unsuited to each other by education and culture? We have both changed, but we are still very different."

"I do not want you any different from what you are," she answered. "You love me—that is all I need, and oh! I need it so much."

She was weeping again.

I looked down at her bowed head, her graceful figure, her snowy hands—no, I did not love her, but I could marry and protect her.

"Lucia, you will be content to stay here?—Is there no misunderstanding between us?"

"Only love me," she answered, "and I will stay with you anywhere."

I lifted up her wet face and put the soft, straying hair away from it.

How fair and sweet it was, I thought, glad that she could not see how sad mine was.

She smiled faintly.

"I always liked this place, you know."

"Yes, to live here always?"

"I will live here always."

"Do you think that I am a poor farmer now, Lucia?"

"Yes, are you not?"

No, she did not know how my fortunes had changed. It was just need of the tenderness I had offered her once which had brought her back to me. And tenderest treatment she should have from me as long as I lived to give it.

"Come in out of the dew," I said, "and let me tell my mother that she is to have a daughter."

In a few weeks we were married. I was glad for Lucia's sake that I had such a home as Highlands. She, I think, is entirely happy there, and yet I fully believe she would have been contented in the little cottage farmhouse. She is good and beautiful—I do not know why I do not love her. It affords me a happiness to gratify her wishes—to see her glowing cheek and grateful eye—but it is my solemn secret, kept from all save Heaven, that I love her as a brother, and not as a husband. To-day I read a verse:

"How comes love?
It comes unsought, unsent,
How comes love?
It was not love that went."

And while I believe this to be true, I ask my readers as I write this history, did I not love Lucia Mars?
E. S. K.

THE BARONET'S SON;

OR, LOVE AND HATE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Winifred Wynne," "One Sparkle of Gold," etc., etc.

CHAPTER LIX.

The castle had within its walls a favoured and select circle of guests to do honour to the occasion. And others were expected whose names were not yet alluded to, except in a vague and indistinct manner by the host and hostess.

"Gladys, dearest, it is indeed a happiness beyond price to see you this evening," was the heartfelt ejaculation of Oscar Vandeleur, as he and his sister quitted the nursery of the youthful actions of the Dupuy race. "And yet you will comprehend that there is a degree of sadness mingled with the joy."

"And why, dear Oscar? Surely all your trials are also over?" said the young countess, gently. "You have nothing more to fear now from mistaken and repented hate."

"Nor to hope from love, my sister," he returned, mournfully. "Do not despise nor blame me, Gladys, when I tell you that I have never ceased to remember Edith Dupuy as the fairest and dearest and sweetest of her sex. She is the wife of a man worthy of her, and I can think of her without bitterness or jealous envy. But still it is the one shadow of my life. I can never love again, and all domestic and coveted joys are denied to me for ever. Well, I do not mourn, Gladys. It is but a just retribution for my follies and my wild despair. She is happy, and my sweet sister, that is more than I can justly have hoped for or merited."

There were tears in the beautiful eyes of the fair young Countess Delmore, though a smile that contended for mastery was also on her lips.

Oscar perhaps scarcely comprehended such an anomaly in his sister's mood.

But still he did not ask for the explanation of the mystery.

He perhaps rather blamed himself than Gladys for having given vent to his mingled feelings of thankfulness and regret.

Was it for him who had so narrowly escaped poverty and disgrace and a felon's doom to murmur at the comparative joys and luxuries of his lot?

Gladys made little comment on his words, save by an affectionate, sisterly caress.

"She has been a contented and happy wife, I do not doubt, Oscar," she said. "But I quite believe that her heart was too irrevocably yours to be actually given to another. And I honour you for your trusting and permanent love for her since it has rather induced you to keep away from than to seek her, when forbidden to your affection."

"And now," she added, "I must leave you for a few minutes, I think I hear the arrival of my expected guests. But I will come back to you in a little time. I shall want you to help me to entertain them, Oscar, as Cecil is away till dinner time on Wenna's legal business."

Oscar assented, and Gladys soon disappeared from the room.

He threw himself on a chair and abandoned himself to saddened and gloomy thoughts.

It was an apartment so familiar to him. He had so many a time and oft sported with Edith in its walls.

Their childhood plays and studies also were recalled by the appearance of its unaltered furniture and belongings, and he could have shed tears at the memories thus conjured up of her, lost to him for ever.

In truth there was an unbidden moisture in his eyes that shamed his manhood, and of which he was scarcely conscious till he was recalled to the present by the sound of gentle but rapidly approaching footsteps.

The door opened, ere he had succeeded in completely conquering and hiding his emotion, and he turned away for a moment to brush away the tell-tale traces and to master himself sufficiently to defy notice from other eyes.

When he at last did advance to meet the newcomer, whom he supposed to be his sister, a cry of astonishment escaped his lips.

"Edith!"

"Oscar!"

The familiar names were murmured rather than spoken.

But yet there was no doubt in the minds of either that they were pronounced.

The senses of true love are quicker and more acute than any other passion could succeed in working the miracle.

Then they met with extended hands, and Oscar's eyes had leisure to read the indications which her dress gave of deep and widowed mourning, even though scarcely in its first painful drapery of love.

"Can it be? Edith, have you really suffered such a bereavement?" he said, gravely. "Heaven knows that I did esteem and honour him for your sake, even though his happiness was what I most coveted on earth."

"Yes, Oscar, yes, I am alone," she said. "My grief was true and deep, for he deserved all that woman could bestow at my hands. It was a curse, of his country, that took him from this world. We were sent to Rome and there he sickened—and died."

And her voice trembled with honest emotion as she spoke.

"You would nurse him, you would close his eyes," returned Oscar, gently. "At least, he was blent in that, dearest Edith."

The epithet, the tone, spoke so plainly to her heart that she could not mistake his meaning.

And a flush warmed her cheeks as she murmured faint assent.

There was silence then.

Silence fit words, but not in heart.

Both could divine each other's thoughts, even more plainly than if they had been expressed in speech.

And both were in a measure prepared for what was to follow.

"Edith," came at length on the air, "you are free, now. I—I have suffered, and I trust have profited by the suffering. Is there any hope for me now? I have never ceased to love you. I never shall love again. No, not till my last hour. If you can trust me, if you can forget the past, I will strive as man never yet did to make you happy."

The fair young widow trembled with emotion. It was so new and thrilling to be in that well-remembered room—to hear the familiar voice that had been the constant and comforting sound in her childish days.

She could have fancied all was a dream, and that she was once more the Edith Dupuy of former days, free to give her hand and heart to whom she would.

And in a measure it was true.

A young, childless, and well-dowered widow, what was to prevent her gratifying the love of her heart, and the love of the companion of her earliest years?

She placed her hand in his.

"Oscar, I do trust you from my heart. And if you do value a hand that has been another's, and a heart which was, as far as duty could make it, given to my kind and noble husband, it is yours."

"It is Heaven's dearest boon, and I will strive to be worthy of it," he said, in a choking, hoarse voice.

And the long-severed pair were at length united in heart and in betrothal.

They were more worthy and more safe in their plighted troth than when they first would fain have joined in hands as in affection.

It was six months more ere the bridal of the baronet's son and the earl's daughter was celebrated with all the prestige and the gladness that the occasion demanded.

But as Edith's first wedding and that of her sister-in-law, Gladys, had been so singularly private and devoid of pomp and ceremony, it was the desire of Sir Lewis and the young Earl Delmore that there should be a compensation in the auspicious union that was so dear and so welcome to all concerned.

And a gay and joyous train was surrounding the altar, and hearty and numberless congratulations greeted the bridal pair.

Sir Lewis insisted on giving away the bride and his once hated son.

It seemed as if he desired to be instrumental in the happiness as he had formerly repelled the love of his natural heir.

There was but one face on which an uneasy and pained expression sat.

Wenna Vandeleur looked around in bitter and yet secretly repentant envy at the bright happiness which was painted in the features of all most nearly connected with her, Oscar and Gladys.

Edith and Cecil and her own penitent father were all in the fullest and most entire enjoyment of the dearest wishes of their hearts, while she, the chosen favourite of her father, the petted child of prosperity, was alone and unclaimed as the coveted possession of the one she had so waywardly loved.

It was a punishment sufficient for even a more flagrant offence than she had committed, but in Wenna's case it had but little effect, save in hardening and embittering her nature even to gall.

There was no softening penitence, but only a scornful sense of wrong and of ungrateful and unsympathising jealousy of others' joy.

Still, when, in after years, she did secure a marriage rather of convenience than of love, it was Oscar who prompted his father to lavish liberal gifts and a splendid dowry on his youngest daughter, and Gladys, in her unselfish affection, did almost act the mother's as well as the sister's part to the younger sister, even as she had sustained in former days her persecuted brother from the curse of unnatural hate.

THE END.

A COPPER-BEARING BIRD.

ONE of the most interesting of the West African birds is the plain-textured, corythorhynchus, found abundantly in the thick forests of Angola. By the natives these birds are regarded with superstitious reverence, due apparently to their loud, hoarse, unbirdlike cry, which is of such evil omen that, if uttered within the limits of a town, the place is immediately abandoned. They are sometimes brought from the interior to the coast for sale, but the carriers are not permitted to bring them into towns along the road.

It is a remarkable characteristic of this bird that the gorgeous blood red colour of its wing feathers is soluble, especially in a weak solution of ammonia, and that the soluble colouring matter contains a notable quantity of copper. By burning the smallest portion of a feather in a Bunsen burner, the presence of copper is clearly manifested. By transmitted light, the ammoniacal solution is of a magnificent ruby red colour.

From a bunch of 200 feathers brought from Sierra Leone by J.J. Monteiro, about 16 grains of turacin was obtained by Mr. Henry Bassett, who reports that two copper determinations gave quantities of oxide of copper corresponding to 7.6 and 8.0 per cent. of metallic copper. From an earlier investigation, Professor Church found 6 per cent. of copper. Mr. Monteiro reports that the copper is derived from particles of malachite, so universally distributed over Angola, the habits of the birds seeming to favour this, as they are extremely inquisitive in their wild state, and given to picking up bright objects. On the other hand, he has known them to moult regularly and reproduce their splendidly coloured feathers when kept in confinement where copper could by no means enter into their diet, except what might be contained in fruit, rice, bread, biscuits, and vegetables, their customary food in the absence of their favourite bananas.

A change of dress, or even a new ribbon, excited its attention greatly. It will utter a loud cry and open out its lovely wings in astonishment, and, coming close to the bars of its cage, examine the new decoration with the liveliest curiosity. It is very fond of looking at pictures, especially brightly coloured prints.

HYDROPHOBIA.

HYDROPHOBIA follows the bite of various animals; but more frequently that of a dog. There are two errors generally prevalent in reference to this most fearful of all diseases, which merit correction. Hydrophobia is almost as frequent an occurrence outside of the "Dog-days," as during that period; and, second, mad dogs are not always afraid of the water, nor do they always exhibit a ferocious manner. The more certain signs of their being rabid, are: an unsteady walk, a haggard appearance, and an extraordinary and striking wildness in the expression of the eye. We, therefore, most earnestly advise, that whenever a person is bitten by any dog, even to the extent of the smallest scratch, whether in summer or winter, to saturate a rag instantly with common spirits of hartshorn, and apply it on the wound for at least half an hour, on the principle that all bites and stings owe their injurious effects to their acid nature, and hartshorn, being one of the strongest, simplest, and most accessible alkalies, is the most practicable antidote in Nature; the sooner it is applied, the more certain will be the success. The next most accessible thing of the same nature is, the liquor resulting from a cup of hot water poured on a handful of fresh ashes of wood.

SOME HEALTH PRINCIPLES.

No small share of disease and suffering is owing to the error of one man making another's experience a guide for himself, in matters pertaining to bodily health. Nothing can be more true, than that one may do with impunity what would kill another. We know a lady who will instantly take cold if she passes across a room or hall which has just been washed. The life of such a person would seem to hang on a very uncertain tenure. But, like a true philosopher, having found that passing through a recently washed room gives her a cold, she simply avoids it, and now, at the full age of three score years and ten, scarcely missed a meal from sickness in a whole year.

When a man finds out that his constitution is a frail one, his wisest plan is study to its infirmities, to find out its weak points, and like a beleaguered general, the winner of a hundred victories, be always on your guard as to those weak points. An old hat is never made better by being banged about, while by care, it may be made to look respectable for years longer. A worn-out horse obtains no reinvigoration by hard usage. A man's body, whether frail or strong, is made capable of greater endurance by being well watched over. And take our word for it: the best way to harden the constitution is to take care of it.

That the popular sentiment should prevail that the human constitution is hardened by exposure, when there is nothing like it in the whole age of animated nature, must be classed among the unaccountable errors.



["THE ASHES OF THE PAST."]

SIDE BY SIDE.

CHAPTER III.

JUST then some one tapped at the door of the salon; it was old Philip, coming, according to habit, to bid his young mistress good-night, and receive any orders she might have to give for the next morning.

"Are you tired, Philip?" she asked. "Would you mind going out with me on the sands awhile? My head aches; I want the air."

Philip would have gone with her to the moon, or at least have set out on the journey, had she required it, and never thought anything she said or did extraordinary anything more than a faithful Newfoundland dog would have done.

"Perhaps the air will do you good, Miss Janet," he said, with a fatherly tenderness in his respectful voice.

Philip, in his delicacy, was careful not to look at her, even. Philip knew that the tempest had broken out again from the blackness of the past and was emitting her soul like a whirlwind. He would cheerfully have given his life to aid, but he could do nothing save be silent, and appear blind.

Janet wrapped a hooded mantle about her head and shoulders, and hurried into the corridor, waiting with what patience she might, while methodical Philip locked the door of her salon.

"You are very good to me," she said, suddenly, patting the old man's hand as he joined her.

Philip just bent his head, and reverentially touched her hand with his lips, but made no other answer.

Miss Carrington led the way down a small staircase, which brought them out into the lower hall, from whence they could gain the beach at once.

She took a path to the left; went on to where a rustic bridge connected the shore with a great mass

of rocks, rising to a considerable height out of the sea—a place where there was little probability of meeting a soul at that hour.

Everybody was in the Casino, or in the square by the café, or down on the beach to the right, below the hotels, where the long, bathing house stands.

Janet mounted the precipitous path leading to the top of the cliff, and Philip followed in silence.

The air blew fresh and cool on the height, and Janet could breathe again.

Philip selected a sheltered nook, sat down with his back against a conveniently-shaped rock, and presently fell fast asleep, though his eyes were staring wide open, while his head nodded back and forth with regular movement, as if it had been the pendulum of some fantastic clock, and he dreamed that he was awake, and alert, and keeping guard over his young mistress with all his might and main.

The moon was out in full gorgeousness; not a cloud in the sky, save where, away off seaward, close to the horizon's verge, lay a bank of heavy black mist which threatened bad weather before a week should pass; and the sea, though quiet enough, gave now and then a sullen growl, to show that it was aware it might, in a short time, lose control of its uncertain temper.

Philip slumbered peacefully in his corner, as well satisfied for the moment as most people are during the whole of their aimless, misspent lives, to dream of his duty instead of doing it.

Janet seated herself close to the edge of the cliff, with a disregard of personal safety, which would have frightened Philip, had he been awake.

There she sat, and gazed up at the sky, which seemed mocking her with its peacefulness; leaned forward to stare into the slow-curling foam below; and wondered if it would not be better to let herself slip quietly over the precipice, and be done with human existence and its anguish. It would be so easy!

The tide was up, and just there the curving rocks made a deep, deep pool, along whose edge the moon-tinged surf circled, like flame, revealing the blackness of the inner waters, and the cold, cruel smoothness of the wave-torn rocks.

Suddenly, Janet perceived a man standing quite near, looking fixedly at her.

It was not Philip; it was not a stranger.

Once more she and Harold Payne were gazing into each other's eyes; horror and desperation in hers, bitter rage and misery in his.

"Did you think I was a ghost?" he asked, in a voice which would have sounded savage had it not been so full of suffering.

"I thought, just now, a fiend was tempting me," she cried; "and here he is, in bodily shape! A moment since, I had a mind to fling myself down into the sea. Go away, or I'll do it!"

"Let me say a few words, and I will leave you," he answered. "Fate has once more brought us together. Perhaps, in this world, we shall never meet again."

"I pray not," she broke in; nor in the next. I think so much mercy might be vouchsafed me. Well, well! Speak out, and be done!"

Twice he essayed to take advantage of her disdainful permission, but his lips trembled so, that he could not frame a syllable.

Her eyes wandered away to the mocking splendour of the sky above, to the black depths at her feet.

He looked at her still. She felt, although she did not see his glance.

In spite of all that had come and gone, in spite of the awful gulf which separated them: the fiercest wrath, the bitterest hate human souls can know; the anger and hatred which has for its basis a love that will not die, the sympathy between their natures was still so strong, that their wayward fancies had strayed off on the same track just as they used to do in the old, dead, beautiful days, when this peculiarity, so often noticed by them, was a happiness as exquisite as its present agony was unendurable; for each knew that the other had roused that subtle influence in mind and soul. They were thinking of the time, ten years ago, when they used to sit by the southern sea that washed the shores of Florida; meeting there evening after evening, daring so much for each other's sake. For generations their families had been separated by an enmity fierce and implacable as a Corsican vendetta. A suspicion of the secret which made their young lives so glorious, would have proved a death-blow to Janet's mother, and sent Harold forth with his father's curse upon his head; yet neither shrank from the risk they ran.

Both were thinking of that last week of happiness, before Harold sailed for India, to pass seven weary years; of their promises and vows; of years that were to be one long watch, and eager waiting, full of trust and providence; never a doubt to touch either soul, whatever might happen. And it was thus they met.

They came back, at the same instant, to a realization of the present; came back with a pang sharper than the rending of body and soul asunder.

Harold spoke again. His face had grown stern and rigid. His voice had no anger in it, not even suffering. It was just cold, slow and steady, like the sound of a hammer beating measured strokes against the iron door of a tomb.

"When I came to this place, I did not know that you were here," he said, "though I had been wishing to find you."

"I think even the fiends would not be so contemptible," she retorted. "I think that they must hide one from another in the dark. It is only a man who could be contemptible enough to trouble the purgatory of my life."

He did not heed.

"I wrote you once, before you left America," he went on. "I have written you once since you came abroad. You paid no attention—"

"Nor should I, had I received your letters; but I did not," she said.

"Now, that I find you here, I want to tell you that I have acted on an offer made you in my letters," he continued, as if he had not heard her interruption.

"No matter what the offer might be, it was an insult, coming from you," she cried, bitterly.

"They tell me you wish to be a princess. Well, it is a natural wish. You are a woman."

"You heard so with your own ears. I saw you listening, when he was speaking to me. Listening!" she repeated.

"You saw me before I could move. You made the conversation what it was on purpose," he answered, still in the same slow, emotionless tone. "Then you got frightened at yourself; perhaps, a little ashamed, too, though of that I am not sure."

"You may be sure I was not!" she cried, the

very coldness of his voice, the way he spoke, as if she were so slight a thing that even anger was beyond her due, rousing her to a wilder passion.

"You want to be a princess! Well, it is a pretty title," persisted he. "And many another woman, I dare say, would pay as great a price for the pleasure of wearing it as you seemed inclined to do."

"I said he was too mean to be a devil. He is only a man!" she muttered.

Still the slow, dull voice held its course, unheeding—beat, beat, beat, with its icy stroke, on her maddened soul.

"Your new friends cannot imagine why you have hesitated so long, I know. But you need hesitate no longer. You might have known that I should never trouble you. You did know it, else you would not have dared me as you did to-night."

"Not a fend! Only a man!" she muttered again.

"The past is dead," he continued. "I come to place its ashes in your hand."

He drew a package of papers from his breast-pocket and held it towards her.

But she made no motion to take it.

"When you read these, you will see that I have told you the truth. It is dead so utterly, that you need not fear the prince, when your husband, will ever catch so much as a whisper. Your cousin Elsie is in her grave. No one living knows but old Philip, and you can trust him. Take these papers, and you hold your destiny in your own control."

Still she made no effort to touch the packet. Perhaps she could not.

Perhaps she did not believe that he was really giving up the hold he possessed by placing the records of the past in her hands.

After what she had endured at his hands, she perhaps felt that she could not be secure against any and every sort of treachery.

"Will you take the papers?" he asked. "The world is wide enough for both of us. It shall be my care that we never meet again. Accept your coronet without fear. When you have burned this packet, you may safely say to the prince that your past contains no secret."

She turned her despairing eyes upon him, and murmured, in an awful whisper:

"What shall I say to him?"

The words were uttered without volition on her part; she never meant to utter them.

"Ah," returned Payne, without the slightest change in his measured voice, "you will have to say as Claverhouse did, 'I will take him into my own hands.'"

He might have spared her this taunt; deeply as she had wronged him, he felt, the instant the speech left his lips, that it would have been only manly to spare her.

She was merely a woman—nothing more! Janet snatched the papers from his hand.

"I will take them—I will! I will call the past dead and buried. I will have my life! I have had purgatory here—worse—they can give me no new suffering hereafter. I have exhausted every form!"

He was not even shocked at the awful blasphemy which escaped her white lips.

He knew that for the moment she was mad. He feared to stop an instant longer, lest the sight of him should increase her frenzy till she might utter revelations still more insane—revelations which he could not bear to hear—for he loved her, in spite of all, he loved her.

So, without a word, he turned and was gone.

A full hour after, Philip was roused from his slumber by the touch of an icy hand on his, and a voice like the voice of the dead, crying:

"Take me away! take me away!"

The old man started up to see a shape like the ghost of his beloved mistress standing before him. But Philip was only pained, not frightened. He had seen her look like this before, had heard her voice in that wail of purgatorial pain, and his honest heart went out toward her in sympathy and tenderness.

He began to sob like a child as he led her away, but Janet shed no tears, and was not even conscious of his distress.

They entered the house by the same door at which they had gone out, but followed the principal staircase to the upper floors. The gas had been put out on the landing where Janet's rooms were situated.

Upon a sofa by the staircase two men sat smoking in the moonlight that streamed through the windows.

"What ever the quarrel is about, we can do nothing," one voice said. "The prince would not hear of an apology."

"Nor would Payne offer one," returned the

other. "We can only do our duty, and that is to see they shoot each other in proper form. I am going to bed."

The gentlemen walked away. Janet had caught Philip's arm and held him fast till the two disappeared.

"Find out when and where," was all she said, and passed on up the stairs.

(To be continued.)

STATISTICS

DURING the year 1874 the Legion of Honour lost, by deaths, seven grand crosses, 22 grand officers, 96 commanders, 819 officers, and 2,060 companions—chevaliers. Besides these, there were erased for various reasons from the list, one grand cross, one grand officer, three commanders, six officers, and 46 companions of the order.

MILITARY FORCES LOCALISATION.—A Parliamentary return has just been issued showing the money raised and expended under the Military Forces Localisation Act, 1872. The total amount authorised by the Act was 8,500,000*l.*, of which 417,339*l.* had been expended on the 31st of March last year. The total estimated cost of works was as follows:—For provision of depot centres, 1,297,200*l.*; storehouses, 330,000*l.*; training barracks for militia (also available for regular troops), 255,680*l.*; barrack accommodation to replace accommodation taken for depot centres, 754,800*l.*; district store establishments, 100,000*l.*; purchase of land, etc., at depot centres, 204,000*l.*; ditto for a metropolitan exercising ground, 50,000*l.*; ditto for a tactical training station, 300,000*l.*, and contingent expenses, 208,320*l.*

STATISTICS RESPECTING CRETE.—Some interesting local statistics respecting Crete are given in an official almanack published at Canea. The island, according to these figures, contains 227,934 inhabitants, of whom 134,400 are Greeks, 93,126 Turks and Arabs; and 345 Jews. In the local administration are employed 609 functionaries, of whom 400 are Mussulmans, 204 Greeks, and 5 belong to other communities. The garrison consists of eight battalions of the line, and three of artillery; one half of this force, however, has now left for active service in the Herzegovina. The police are divided into five battalions, containing in all 3,500 men, and 110 officers. The number of houses is 42,000, and there are 1,553 shops, and 395 oil-mills in the island. Since its conquest by the Turks in the year 1055 of the Hedjira, 237 years ago, Crete has had 127 governors—each governor has thus on an average held his post about one year, eleven months, and eleven days. The revenue of the island amounted in round figures during the last financial year to 140,700*l.*, and the expenditure to 135,500*l.*, giving a surplus of 5,200*l.*. The Custom House produced 50,870*l.*—the remainder of the revenue was made up by the agricultural tithes and by indirect taxes.

SCIENCE.

WOOD ASHES AS A POTASH FERTILISER.—From a very elaborate and thorough investigation of the composition of wood ashes from household fire, by Professor Storer, it appears that these contain, unleached and dry, about 84 per cent of potash, somewhat more than the lowest grades of potash salts. Either leached or unleached, the dry ashes contain about 2 per cent. of phosphoric acid, of which none occurs in the German salts. In Storer's field experiments, wood ashes (unleached) applied in large quantities brought larger yields of barley, beans and rutabagas than farm-yard manure, city stable manure, or any single potash salt, as sulphate, carbonate, or even nitrate. In commenting upon these results, Storer says: "Wood ashes are more serviceable than any single potash salt, not only because they contain some phosphoric acid, lime, magnesia and the less valuable elements of plant food, but because, considering them merely as a potassic manure, they contain a mixture of potash salts. It may be regarded as well nigh certain that a given amount of potash applied in the form of appropriate mixtures of sulphate, carbonate, silicate, and chloride of potassium, will, generally speaking, do more good than when applied in the form of either one of these compounds. But in wood ashes we find a mixture of these salts ready at hand; yet the best mixture, perhaps, but one already formed, and in this country at least very easily obtained."

RESEARCHES ON THE SECRETION OF HONEY.—Dr. Reichenow has been engaged in an inquiry as to whether honey and other industrial products of the bees are obtained directly from the food of the insects, or are products elaborated by the organism. He

has not completed his research, but, one, coagulable by heat, does not occur in the juice of the flowers, he infers that it is a true secretion by the bee, which becomes mixed with the nectar. Honey is, therefore, strictly a nitrogenous body, and not simply a carbohydrate. In purified beeswax nitrogen was found to the extent of 0.597 per cent.

PRODUCTION OF SILKWORMS' EGGS IN ITALY.—Great attention is being paid in Italy, as stated by Consul Colmaghi, in his report upon the yield of cocoons in 1874, to the restoration of the native breeds of silkworms, and apparently with every hope of success. Government stations for microscopic examination are established in various provinces, and private individuals are not behindhand in experimental studies, which, in some cases, have assumed an important industrial aspect. At Albiate, in the province of Milan, there exist the important Cascina Pasteur for the production of silkworms' eggs, founded about 1868—69. The Cascina Pasteur has been continually increasing its production of grain under cellular selection, and in 1874 furnished 18,000 ounces—25 grammes each—of eggs.

A GOOD cement, that will render india rubber in any form adherent to glass or metal, is oftentimes a desideratum with photographers, and there is a simple recipe for the preparation of such a compound. Some shellac is pulverised and then softened in ten times its weight of strong ammonia, whereby a transparent mass is obtained, which becomes fluid after keeping some little time, without the use of hot water.

In three or four weeks the mixture is perfectly liquid, and, when applied, it will be found to soften the rubber. We are told that the rubber hardens as soon as the ammonia has evaporated again, and thus becomes impervious both to gases and to liquids. For cementing the rubber sheet, or the material in any shape, to metal, glass, and other such surfaces the cement is strongly recommended.

BLACK VARNISH FOR IRON.—A durable black and shining varnish for iron is made by adding to oil of turpentine strong sulphuric acid, drop by drop, stirring until a sirupy precipitate is formed and no more of it is produced on further addition of a drop of acid. The liquid is now repeatedly washed with water, until the water exhibits no more acid reaction. The precipitate is next brought upon a cloth filter, and after all the water has run off the sirupy mass is for use. This is painted over the iron with a brush, being previously diluted with oil of turpentine, in case it does not flow well. Immediately afterward the paint is burnt in by a gentle heat, and, after cooling, the black surface is rubbed with a piece of woollen stuff dipped in linseed oil. The varnish is said to combine chemically with the metal, and does not wear or peel off.

IMPROVED STOVES.—The object of this invention is to utilise the vastly accumulating anthracite coal-dust of coal mines in direct manner, without special preparation and expense, so that the same is fed in a dried, heated, and well-regulated state to be burned in the stove or furnace. The new features consist in a distributing cone, a drying plate, and a revolving feeder, by which the coal-dust is conveyed in small and thin sheets continually to the fire below.

SPEED OF TRAINS.—The following are the highest authentic instances of high railway speeds with which we are acquainted:—Brunel, with the Courier class of locomotive, ran 13 miles in 10 minutes, equal to 78 miles an hour. Mr. Patrick Stirling, of the Great Northern, took, two years back, 16 carriages 15 miles in 12 minutes, equal to 75 miles an hour. The Great Britain, Lord of the Isles, and Iron Duke, broad gauge engines on the Great Western Railway, have each run with four or five carriages from Paddington to Didcot in 47½ minutes; equal to 66 miles an hour, or an extreme running speed of 72 miles an hour; the new Midland coupled express engines running in the usual course have been timed 68, 70, and 72 miles an hour. The 10 a.m. express on the Great Northern, from Leeds, we have ourselves timed, and found to be running mile after mile at the rate of a mile in 52 seconds, or at 69.2 miles an hour. The engines used are Mr. Stirling's outside cylinder bogie express engines, the load being ten carriages.

THE WATER SHELL.—In reporting on the recent field artillery experiments at Okehampton, General Wilmot's committee state that the "water shell" is the most efficient percussion projectile with which they are acquainted. This shell was invented some years ago by Professor Abel while carrying out experiments on the detonation of wet gun-cotton immersed in water. Having observed the suddenness and completeness with which detonation was transmitted through small water spaces, he was led to attempt the application of water as a vehicle for the efficient employment of very small detonating

charges for bursting, or rather breaking up, cast iron shells into numerous and comparatively uniform fragments. It was found during the preliminary experiments that the destructive effects produced by small detonating charges when exploded in shells which were filled up with water and entirely closed were proportionate, not simply to the amount of explosive agent used, but also to the suddenness of the concussion imparted to the water by the explosion. Thus a quarter of an ounce of compressed gun-cotton, detonated in a 16 lb. shell filled with water, broke up the projectile into about 120 pieces, each of which was of sufficient size to inflict a severe wound. One pound of gunpowder exploded in a similar shell produced under 30 pieces.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHINESE PORTS.—A Shanghai paper states that three new ports in China are to be thrown open to foreign trade—to wit, Ichang, Wehu, and Wenchow. Ichang is situated towards the western portion of Hupeh, and may almost be said to lie in the very centre of the Empire. Wenchow is in the province of Chekiang, half-way between Ningpo and Foochow. It is on the borders of Fokien, and is a sea-port town. Wehu is a district city in the Prefecture of Tai-ping, in the province of Ngan-hui, and lies a few miles up the Yangtze, beyond Nankin. It is the centre of a somewhat extensive trade, and, like Shanghai, and for the same reason, boasts a 'To-tai' for the supervision of its commerce.

DIVING FOR DEINK.—One of the hottest regions of the earth is along the Persian Gulf, where little or no rain falls. At Bahrain the arid shore has no fresh water; yet a comparatively numerous population contrives to exist there, thanks to copious springs which burst forth from the bottom of the sea. The fresh water is got by diving. The diver, sitting in his boat, winds a great goatskin bag around his left arm, the hand grasping its mouth; then he takes in his right hand a heavy stone, to which is attached a strong line, and thus equipped he plunges in and quickly reaches the bottom. Instantly opening the bag over the strong jet of fresh water, he springs up in the ascending current, at the same time closing the bag, and is helped aboard. The stone is then hauled up, and the diver, after taking breath, plunges again. The source of these copious submarine springs is thought to be in the green hills of Oman, some five or six hundred miles distant.

THE AMERICAN EXHIBITION.—As a rule, the foreign exhibitors have more goods upon the ground than is the case with the American entries, a fact to which their representatives point with a feeling of pride. There is no doubt, however, that the arrival of American goods will, during the coming week, be very large. Representatives of foreign governments who were present at the Paris and Vienna Expositions give it as their opinion that the vista of the main building at Philadelphia excels, in general design, lightness, and airiness, that of any previous international exhibition.

CRICKET.—As the cricket season has begun, it may be interesting to the lovers of this national game to be reminded of a novel match of cricket, which was played in May, 1827, for a considerable sum, on Harefield Common, near Rickmansworth. The match was between two gentlemen of Middlesex, and Mr. Francis Trumper, farmer, at Harefield, with the help of a thorough-bred sheep dog. In the first innings the two gentlemen got three runs, and Mr. Trumper three for himself, and two for his dog. In the second innings the two gentlemen again got three runs, and Mr. Trumper then going in, and getting two runs, beat the two gentlemen, leaving two wickets standing. Before the game began, the odds were five to one against Mr. Trumper and his canine partner, but after the first innings, bets were so altered, that four to one were laid upon Trumper and his dog. The dog always stood near his master when he was going to bowl, and the moment the ball was hit he kept his eye upon it, and started off after it with speed, and on his master running up to the wicket, the dog would carry the ball in his mouth and put it into his master's hand with such wonderful quickness, that the gentlemen found it very difficult to get a run even from a very long hit. The money lost and won on the occasion was considerable, as a great number of gentlemen came from Uxbridge and the neighbouring towns and villages to see so extraordinary a game.

THE FAIR OF NIJNI-NOVGOROD.—The fair of NiJNI-Novgorod, or, as it is sometimes termed, Macariva, is held on a piece of land opposite the town of NiJNI-Novgorod, at the confluence of the rivers Oka and Volga, having been transported to its present position after the conflagration which destroyed the former fair, then held opposite the

Macariva Yellow-Water Monastery. The position occupied by the fair is unrivalled in the whole Russian Empire for the advantages of water-communication. On the one hand the Volga, acted by a system of canals with the Baltic Sea, and flowing into the Caspian, the basin of the rivers of Central Asia, forms a cheap route for the transport of merchandise from Europe and from the North of Russia to Asia. On the other hand the Oka, with a course of 2,400 versts through Central Russia, watering the Governments of Orel, Kaluga, Tula, Moscow, Riazan, Tambov, Vladimir, and NiJNI-Novgorod, bears to the Volga the produce of the richest soil of Russia, as well as the manufactures of the most industrial and densely populated districts; thus connecting by an inexpensive water route the fair of NiJNI with the commercially enterprising manufacturing city of Moscow. Here, also, near the confluence of these two rivers, and contributing a great volume of water to the Volga, flows the river Kama, one of the few tributary streams which have a course from east to west, uniting the latter with the remote northern and north-western parts of Russia, Siberia, and the Ural, possessing rich deposits of minerals and metals. Not only, however, are the rivers, as means of transport, favourable to the position of the fair, the position itself is the very centre of industrial activity and historical recollection.

We have had walking, riding, and bicycle matches between Vienna and Paris, but here is another undertaking of the same character which must excite the attention of the world. A. M. Pratz, who belongs to an old Austrian family, has laid a wager that he will ride from Vienna to Paris in a fortnight on the back of a camel which he has brought from Africa. According to the terms of the wager, M. Pratz is to be in Paris, on the Place du Trone at one o'clock on May 27.

On the 1st of May the Crown Perfumery Company published a very interesting collection of Anglo-Indian poems, the result of their offer of 100 guineas in prizes for the best poems composed on the visit of the Prince of Wales to India.

DENMARK has joined heartily in the movement against unseaworthy ships, and has taken a practical step towards carrying its sympathy with Mr. Plimsoll into effect.

A LONG-LOOKED-FOR DIVIDEND.—For the first time since the construction of the Newry Canal, under an act passed by the Irish Parliament in 1730, the committee of the Newry Navigation Company are able to recommend the payment of a dividend to the shareholders.

A CORRESPONDENT suggests that skating ways shall be laid along the principal thoroughfares of our large towns, so that rollers may prove as good as our grandmothers' pattens without any of their disadvantages.

LORD JOHN MANNERS has always been a valiant champion in behalf of women's right, and he has just given another proof of this by ordering a classification of the female clerks in the Post Office, under which they will be promoted according to their proved proficiency during the period of probation. Thus, not only will Manners make the man, but the woman also.

THERE is now springing up in the Western suburbs of London a colony of habitations which, when completed, will contain a population equal to that of many a borough which is represented by two members in Parliament. A few weeks ago not a stone, or to speak more correctly, not a brick had been laid. To-day 200 houses are very nearly completed, and these are the forerunners of 200 more. Though intended for working men, and though to be let at very moderate rentals, they are far more sightly than many houses of a much higher rent. They have handsome porches, for instance, and the elevation is thoroughly pleasing. The streets will be bordered with trees, which will give agreeable shade, and will, moreover, tend to improve the health of the inhabitants. This new town will have a population of about 15,000.

THE PRINCE'S RINK COSTUME.—Rinking has become such an institution among us, that ladies' tailors have been studying the subject, so as to produce the most suitable and becoming costumes for this fashionable pastime. Like riding, mountaineering, yachting, and shooting, the plainer the dress, the entire absence of trimmings or ornaments of any sort, the more is a costume suitable to rink in, but then the materials should be good, and the cut perfection. Tailor-made rinking costumes are decidedly the best; there is that in the cut, fit, and strength of work which dressmakers have not yet attained to.

THE Easter ceremony, according to which in Russia all people embrace each other, uttering the words "Christ is risen," was celebrated by the Court on Easter Sunday with wonted pomp. According to established usage, at the second gunfire, at half-past

eleven, the Ministers, the high dignitaries of the Court and State, as well as officers of the army and navy, had gathered in the Winter Palace. On the third cannon-shot, at midnight precisely, the Emperor, followed by the Imperial family and preceded by the Court, went into the church. At the "Rosar-tok" the Emperor gave, according to national custom, three kisses to the high state dignitaries, to the generals, aides-de-camp, and to the commanding officers of the regiments of the guard, after which mass was celebrated. At about half-past two the Emperor and the members of the Imperial family returned to supper in their private apartments. The Empress, not being very well, was not present at the ceremony.

AN ANCIENT WINDOW.—Passing through Winchester the other day, I refreshed the inner man at that ancient hostelry, the George. Taking a post-prandial pipe in the courtyard I was struck with the inscriptions cut on the bay window pane, and still more was I astonished at the dates recorded. One I particularly admired; it was a coat of arms, a goat's head for a crest; on the shield appeared the name of Peter Elwes, Oates College, Cambridge, 1742, and under, written another name which I could not decipher, with the words "Byroad Coll." Below both names were three "Gules doves," a variation on the coat. On another pane was the name Gauntlett, 1786. Gauntlett is an old Winchester name; it was a Miss Gauntlett, of Winchester, that Peregrine Pickle fell in love with. Many years ago a Gauntlett kept the "George," and some of the plate-bowling his initials is still in existence at the hotel, so that an antiquarian traveller may still stir his grub with a "Gauntlett spoon." It is related that this Gauntlett proprietor was unfortunate in his marriage, and his friends proposed that the Dragon should, in future, be added to the signpost. The last Winchester Gauntlett was the "old Colonel"; he was very peppery and choleric, and in his old age fought a duel with a young lieutenant for pushing against him in the street; he was very fond of animals and his dogs were famed throughout Hampshire. Many other names of interest are to be found engraved on the panes of this old window, some of distinguished scholars educated at the college, others of officers who have been quartered at the barracks; one of the latter preserves the name of a gallant officer of a rifle regiment who fell in the Crimea—his traced on a broken pane! I could not help reflecting how many of these names had vanished from human memory, and how even the gravestones of some must by this time have disappeared, yet this fragile memorial had survived the chance and shock of years, and had preserved their names to gladden in the May sun of 1876. While thus musing, my pipe went out and the "bus came to take us to the station, so I modern life and the doubtful privileges of a joint-stock hotel, and so I failed to find a fitting moral to my reflections.—C. H. R.

It will be one hundred years on the 7th of June next since Paul Gerhardt, the great hymnologist of the German Protestant Church, second in that character only to Martin Luther himself, died at Lubben in Lusatia. Paul Gerhardt's hymns and songs are still very popular in Germany. Many of them have been translated into English, and have in that shape secured a great number of warm admirers. The centenary is to be celebrated in Germany by the creation of a Paul Gerhardt fund to assist poor Lutheran theologians in their studies.

THE origin of the name of the kangaroo is thus described in a recent work by Mr. Frank Buckland: When Captain Cook first discovered Australia, he saw some natives on the shore, one of them holding a dead animal in his hand. The captain sent a boat's crew ashore to purchase the animal, and finding on receiving it that it was a beast quite new to him, he sent the boat back to ask the natives its name. "What do you call this creature?" said the sailor to the naked native. The native shook his head, and answered, "Kun-ga-roo," which means, in Australian lingo, "I don't understand." When the sailor returned to the ship the captain said, "Well, and what's the name of the animal?" The sailor replied, "Please, sir, the black party says it's a kangaroo."

MANAGING YOUNG GIRLS.—Why is it that gentlemen have such a poor opinion of young girls? As a rule, they think them very pleasant to pass an hour with, provided the girls let them make as many foolish speeches as they like and repay them with interest. And who is to blame for that? Surely not the girls. Their greatest ambition in life is to be loved by and become the wife of some good man, and, say what you will, it is a noble one. With this end in view, it is, of course, natural that a desire to please the lords of creation should be uppermost in a girl's mind. If men will not be interested when you talk sense, what can you do but talk nonsense? Men complain that girls have nothing to talk about except

their last flirtation, balls, and parties, yeh, if they converse with them for an hour upon philosophy, metaphysics, or even the last new book, you are bored, called a poor girl who has worried her brains for your entertainment. Women were made to please, not to lecture one like a trained professor, and wonder what she did it for. No, no. What is it you want? If you were to lay down your rules, there is not one girl in a thousand but would gladly obey them, ridiculous as they would surely be. Try it and see. If you have a lady friend whom you could like so much if it were not for this or that little fault, tell her so, and if she cares anything for you she will correct it. Treat women more like human beings: then prophecy a speedy change for the better.

FACTS.

WHEN YOU ARE ABOUT IT.

MAGISTER FAMILIAS (speaking with his brother): "Here is the letter, Flanagan. I can conscientiously say you are honest and attentive, but I should have to stretch a point if I were to say you are sober."

MR. FLANAGAN: "Thank you, sir. But when you are after stritchin' a point, wouldn't you, please, stritch it a little further, and say I'm often sober!"

Punch.

REVERSING THE ORDER.

PAT (who has been knocking for some time): "Share drinkin', an' do you sell your whisky by measure?"

BARMAN: "Yes, sir."

PAT: "Begorra, an' I thought you must do it by wait; I've been waiting to get some till the thurraat's quite left me!"—Fun.

SET TERMS.

A DAILY paper says the fact that so few medical men set their faces against drinking is a point in favour of the healthiness of the recreation. Why should doctors set faces when they can be more profitably employed in setting limbs—these of drinkers especially?—Fun.

"EVERY man," said Mark Lemon one evening at his club, "has his peculiarities, though I think I am as free from them as most men, at any rate I don't know what they are." Nobody contradicted the editor of "Punch," but after awhile Albert Smith asked: "Which hand do you shave with, uncle?" "With my right hand," replied Lemon. "Ah," returned the other, "that's your peculiarity; most people shave with a razor."

A POINT UNSETTLED IN HISTORY: Lucy (to her elder sister, who has just been relating a thrilling episode in the life of William Tell): "And was the little boy allowed to eat the apple afterwards?"

THE PRESIDENT INTERESTED AT LAST.

OLYMPIUS: "Come in, come in, Miss Gilbert! I'm so much interested in your efforts for the welfare and comfort of prisoners! Fact is, I've so many friends in, or going to, prison, that I feel a sort of personal interest in your work!"

THE RAILWAY ALPHABET.

- A is the addition to charges too high;
- B is the block that will come by-and-by;
- C is the cattle maltreated most sore;
- D is the damage the owners deplore;
- E is the ease with which mishaps befall;
- F is the food which refreshment they call;
- G is the goose that can stomach it all;
- H is the hurry when things are behind;
- I is the injury directors don't mind;
- J is the judge who the case has to take;
- K is the keen trick which the case is to shake;
- L is the lawyer, so clever and cute;
- M is the money he gets by the suit;
- N is the normal condition of things;
- O is the obstruction; collisions that brings;
- P is the policeman, rotund and sedate;
- Q is the query why trains are so late;
- R is the roundabout answer you get;
- S is the standing so long in the wet;
- T is the temper you're tempted to get in;
- U Well, that's you, kept a waiting and fretting;
- V is the value that you left in the train;
- W is the worry to get it again (Moral, and most likely you never do get it again);
- X the 'xactness you'd like, but don't find;
- Y is the yawn to relieve your poor mind;
- Z is the zany the train left behind.

Judy.

ENGAGED.

"Is Miss Blinking at home?" asked Mr. Saunders of the girl who answered the ring at the door.

"Yes, b'love she is, sir."

"Is she engaged?"

"An' is it engaged, you say? Faith, an' I can't tell ye, sir; but she kissed Mr. Vincent last evening as if she had not seen the like av him, an' it's engaged I b'love they are, sir!"

WOULD IT BE ANY HARM?

It is leap year, and if a tiny girl with red cheeks feels a palpitation of the heart for some worthy young man, would it be any harm for her to call upon his father and speak about the weather, the bad roads, the hard times, and the bad state of society, and then remark:

"Mr. Quincey, I have an affection for your son, George, and I think I should soon learn to love him."

Quincey would look at her from the corner of his eye, and she would continue:

"I can wash, bake, sew, play the piano, manage a servant, do embroidery, sing, speak good grammar, and make a home happy."

Quincey would look from the corner of his other eye, and she would go on:

"I hear that he is home nights, is saving, well educated, sensible, has no bad habits, and is just the kind of husband I want. I don't expect any money with him, but will do my share of the work, planning and saving to help him rectify a home and a bank-book. With your permission I should like to pay my addresses to him."

Quincey would tell her to go ahead, if he was a sensible man, and would there be anything wrong about it?

Before his marriage Brongee praised the artistic manner in which his wife "hanged" her hair. Now he complains of the cruel manner in which she bangs his head.

GEORGE ELDER says that "girls are delicate vessels in which is borne onward through the ages the treasure of human affection," and some unhappy Benedict adds that the girls are delicate vessels which require a small fortune every season to keep them in sails.

ROSES, LET YOUR LIPS CONFESS.

Roses, let your lips confess

What my lover said to-night,

When he spoke to you alone!

Ere you form my breast did press,

Ere he gave for my delight

Your sweet lips, that touched his own—

Roses, let your lips confess!

Roses, let your lips confess!

Said he not he loved me well,

More than all the world beside?

My poor lips could say no less,

Should I my affection tell;

Love should never be denied.

Roses, let your lips confess!

Roses, let your lips confess!

When you from my breast depart,

When I send you back to him,

How I prayed that Heaven would bless,

How you heard my beating heart,

How with love mine eyes grew dim—

Roses, let your lips confess!

GEMS.

THE HEART.—The heart may be compared to a garden, which, when well cultivated, presents a continued succession of fruits and flowers, to regale the soul and delight the eye; but, when neglected, producing a crop of the most noxious weeds; large and flourishing, because their growth is in proportion to the warmth and richness of the soil from which they spring. Then let this ground be properly cultivated, let the mind of the young and lovely female be stored with useful knowledge, and the influence of woman, though undiminished in power, will be like "the diamond of the desert," sparkling and pure, whether surrounded by the sands of desolation, forgotten and unknown, or pouring its refreshing streams through every avenue of the moral fabric.

LOVE.—There is something soothing and delightful in the recollection of a pure-minded woman's affection; it is the oasis in the desert of a worldly man's life, to which his feelings turn for refreshment, when wearied with the unhalloved passions of this work-o'-day world.

CHINESE MAXIMS.—Let every one sweep the snow from his own door, and not busy himself about the frost on his neighbour's tiles. Great wealth comes by destiny; moderate wealth by industry. The ripest fruit will not fall into your mouth. The pleasure of doing good is the only one that does not wear out. Dig a well before you are thirsty. Water does not remain in the mountains, nor vengeance in great minds.

INDUSTRY.—If industry is no more than a habit, it is at least an excellent one. If you ask us which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine we shall answer pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotism? No, we shall say indolence. Who conquers indolence will conquer all the rest. Indeed, all good principles must stagnate without mental activity.

VICE AND VIRTUE.—Virtue rarely passes unrecognised by the world. A few distorted optics may fail to recognise her features; but it would be as easy to conceal the face of the noonday sun under a mask, as her resplendent features. The dark face of vice is far easier of disguise.

CHARACTER.—How difficult is the human mind according to the difference of place! In our passions, as in our creeds, we are the mere dependents of geographical situation. Nay, the trifling variation of a single mile will revolutionise the ideas and torments of our hearts. The man who is weak, generous, benevolent, and kind in the country, enters the scene of content, and becomes fiery or mean, selfish or stern, just as if the virtues were only for solitude, and the vices for a city.

TREASURES.—If a young person will begin, and persevere in the practice of learning by heart, say four lines of good poetry every day, there will be laid up, in the treasure-house of memory, fourteen hundred and sixty lines a year. So of facts, and various kinds of information. All great things are done little by little. Atoms make worlds. The greatest fortunes consist of farthings. Life is made up of moments—and a succession of well-spent moments makes a well-spent life.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

OYSTER FRITTERS.—A pint and a half of milk; a pound and a quarter of flour, four eggs, the yolks of the eggs must be beaten very thick, to which add the milk and flour, stir the whole well together; whisk the white to a stiff froth, and stir them gradually into the batter; take a spoonful of the mixture, drop an oyster into it, and fry it in hot lard; let them be a light brown on both sides. The oysters should not be put into the batter all at once, as they would thus fry.

RECIPE FOR MAKING BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—One quart of buckwheat flour, a small teaspoonful of Indian meal, one and a half teaspoonfuls of salt, four tablespoonfuls good lively yeast; mix with milk and tepid water enough to make it the consistency of muffin batter, then beat well for fifteen minutes, and set in a warm place to rise over night. In the morning the batter may be sour; if so, dissolve a teaspoonful of soda in a little warm water and stir it in; if the cakes are not sweet add more saleratus; do not beat the batter; add a tablespoonful of molasses to brown the cakes—the milk does not always brown them sufficiently. Bake on a well-heated griddle that is perfectly clean; a soap-stone griddle needs no greasing; an iron griddle should be greased with a piece of rind of ham or fat salt pork on a fork. Butter and silver-drips asyrup are best to eat with buckwheat cakes.

ANOTHER.—Take one cupful of flour, two of buckwheat flour, and one of yeast; one tablespoonful of sugar, and salt according to taste. Mix with enough water to make a stiff batter, and set to rise over night. In the morning add water in sufficient quantity to make the batter run when poured on the griddle.

TO DESTROY LIFE IN STUMPS.—It often happens that trees are in our way that we desire to remove "root and branch" in the shortest possible time. Many trees are liable to throw up sprouts for yards around, and for years after being cut down, to the great plague and trouble of the owner of the soil, keeping him digging and grubbing to remove the sprouts to the great detriment of his crops and his own patience—such for instance as locust, poplar, gum and others. To prevent this, all that is necessary, after cutting down the tree, is to bore a hole, say ten to twelve inches down into the stump, and fill with common salt. This will kill the living principle to the utmost extent of the roots. The best time, probable would be sometime in August, though I have killed locust in spring, and gum in August, while others that I did not salt kept me grubbing for years. Elder bushes are sometimes very tenacious of life, and although I have not tried the salt on them, yet I believe that by grubbing up, or cutting off close to the surface, and applying salt liberally, would most probably be the easiest and quickest plan of destroying them. Canada thistles, if cut off close to the ground with a scythe, when in full flow of sap and salted freely, dislike the operation amazingly. The sprouts come up sparingly, and evidently in a decline, and by a few operations of the same sort will ultimately decay.

CONTENTS.

Page	Page
VINCENT LUTTRELL; OR, FRIENDSHIP	73
BEHATED	73
THE DRAMA	73
THE DREAM, OR, THE FUTURE TELLER	77
THE RHINE	77
EXILED FROM HOME	80
A CRUEL KIDNEYS	81
BROUGHT TO LIGHT	81
THE SPOILED CHILD	83
REUBEN; OR, ONLY A GIFT	85
IN LOVE; OR, MY MAR- RIAGE	87
THE BARONET'S SON; OR, LOVE AND HATE	90
SIDE BY SIDE	92
MISCELLANEOUS	94
FACTS	95
HOUSEHOLD TALK	95
SURE	95

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CAROLINE.—If you had ever known any real grief you would readily see what pitiful weakness it is to indulge in sentimental sorrow. First love is generally moonshine—the first love of a woman can never be got at; the second and third may, by close inquiry, be discovered; but the first never, for the single reason that it is usually an ideal—the offspring of imagination.

A SCHOOLING.—An absolute monarchy is that in which all the executive and legislative power centres in the person of the monarch, whose government, therefore, is absolute and despotic, like that of the Czar of Russia. Hereditary monarchy is that by which the supreme power is inherited by descent, and is the form of government under which British subjects live.

EMMET.—Permit us to answer your letter by a well-known quotation:

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry."

P. S.—Parson is certainly not a vulgar term. It was in very general use formerly, and is not yet indeed altogether discarded. It is a corruption from the Latin *parsonatus*, which means a parsonage.

S. M.—Being in love with the lady your only course, supposing your respective ranks in life are equal, is to obtain an introduction to her and to her parents, if not already acquainted with them, and make a declaration of your attachment. As to being bashful in making a declaration we can only say that you should remember that "faint hearts never won fair lady," and never should.

LOUIS.—Having attained the age of nineteen you are, we should say, entitled to think about marriage. Your thoughts on the subject, perhaps, could not taken a better direction than the observation of the way in which the married folks of your acquaintance got on. As to corresponding with a young man whom you have never seen, that will be a task of difficulty. Love at first sight is perilous enough, but how can love at no sight get on? Of course, there are the vagaries of fancy and other sandy foundations upon which young folks will build, and we are afraid that, though we preached for a week about prudence and so forth, you would follow your own inclination, after all.

A. W.—We give you sound and well considered advice, and for your own sake are glad to find that you have resolved to profit by it, which advice-givers seldom do. We never shun any trouble to answer our correspondents satisfactorily, but cannot think of accepting compensation in your of any other case. We thank you for your promise to extend the circulation of our paper amongst your friends. Do so and we shall be amply repaid.

RENA.—We do not believe the character of an individual can be ascertained from the style of his handwriting. The state of the bodily health would be a more likely probability. We never publish the addresses of private individuals.

ETHEL.—We do not agree with you; a bashful man is not therefore a stupid one. There are two distinct kinds of bashfulness—one may be bashful, certainly, from natural stupidity, but he will, probably, after making a few steps in the world, rapidly become a pert or at fast coxcomb; and the bashfulness, however, may arise from a self-consciousness which delicacy of feelings produce, and the most extensive knowledge cannot always remove.

KATE.—Wishes to know how her "bare-faced" lover may acquire a beard and whiskers. Let the poor fellow rub his face night and morning with hartshorn beat small and mixed in oil or hog's lard, scented with rose water.

R. R.—A fortune hunter is one of the most despicable of men. He treats marriage just like a game at cards or a throw of the dice. It is fortunate for society that in this kind of gambling the losers are the vast majority of the blackguard fraternity. You ask us for our opinion. We give it. The man who would marry a woman solely for her money, would cheat a friend, pick a pocket in a crowd, wear open a cash box, embezzle, commit forgery—in fact, be capable of anything dishonest. The man that could cheat a conding woman would not hesitate to do anything bad or monstrous.

E.—The word programme is pronounced pro-gram, the emphasis being on the last syllable.

J. ROWS.—is one of those incomprehensibles who think themselves privileged to inflict their verbiage on the patience of sadly taxed editors. He is evidently labouring under some distressing hallucination, from which we are extremely sorry we cannot liberate him.

X. Z.—A lady is not required to rise on receiving a gentleman, nor accompany him to the door.

HENRY.—Marriages between inferiors and superiors are seldom fortunate in their results. There should be equality where there is love. At all events, the wife should not be of a higher station than the husband. He must infallibly lose his self-respect.

A. C.—Seeing a pretty girl in a shop he daily passed, took the liberty of addressing a love epistle to her, of which she took no notice, and now, when he sees her, she always looks excessively displeased. And so she ought—for the intrusion was an impertinence, although perhaps a pardonable one; for, when a pretty face betrays a man he is not at all times "compos mentis." By no means send an apology, for, with a person you do not know, that would be jumping out of the frying pan into the fire.

W. A.—A son is bound to protect his mother from the drunken brutality of his father; but not to the extent, except in cases of brutal violence, of laying any restraint upon him, and in no case to the extent of any punishment. The proper, legal and most humane way is to apply to the law for redress. A magistrate would bind such an unmanageable husband over to keep the peace.

J. G.—In writing letters the rule is that they should bear the writer's address and the date in full; and this should be done, even though you may have to write as many as three or four times a day to the same person.

"I CAN'T GET ALONG."

What's that you say, sir?—"I can't get along."
Oh, lie on it, that is not so;
Such an admission's a positive wrong.
A wrong to yourself I will show.

II.

"Others get on and get rich,"—so you say—
"And I at a standstill am kept."
While many go past me along the same way—
A fact o'er which oft I have wept.
No one by the hand ever takes me to lead
Me on to the fortune-blessed goal;
In behalf of myself none e'er intercede,
While swiftly life's dear moments roll.
I think the whole world is a selfish abode
Where no one assistance can find
To help him along life's rough hilly road,
And I'm weary in body and mind."

III.

You are? Well, you always will be, if you stay
Like a mummy upon an old shelf,
And sit waiting idly beside the highway,
If you don't rise and help your own self.
Out on your views of the world's selfishness,
You hope that you some one may meet,
Who'll lead you along till the far goal you press,
Where fortune and happiness meet.
And out on your cry, sir,—"I can't get along,"
If you don't 'tis your fault, for you're healthy,
Your body with most perfect vigour is strong,
And that is the best kind of wealth.
For with it allied to a will that will do
What honour and industry teach.
You certainly, some time the far goal shall
view,
And comfort and happiness reach.
And patience, dear man, you must never de-
spise.
'Tis the safeguard of many a heart:
And he who nearest would climb to the skies
From the round that is lowest must start.
Then cease your fault-finding and push on
ahead.
While health and your purpose are strong,
And you'll find there is truth in the words I
have said.
And you'll find that you can get along.

C. D.

VENNA. twenty-two, rather short, brown hair, fair complexion, blue eyes, good tempered, fairly educated, domesticated, wishes to correspond with a tall, dark young man not under twenty-seven; respondent must be fond of home and have an income of not less than 300*l.* per annum.

JASPER. twenty-six, medium height, tolerably good looking, holding a good position in a manufacturing business, would like to correspond with a young lady, who must be tall, domesticated, fond of home, and inclined to embonpoint.

M. H. and A. B. would like to correspond with two young gentlemen. M. H. has gray eyes, dark curly hair; respondent must be of medium height, fair complexion, about thirty. A. B. is rather tall, brown hair and eyes; respondent must be tall, dark, good looking, about twenty.

J. W. B. and J. G. H., the former a hatter by trade, twenty-eight, medium height, and in good position; the latter a carpenter, thirty, medium height, and in good position, would like to correspond with two young lady friends.

R. S. R., nineteen, tall, good looking, highly educated, thoroughly domesticated, would like to correspond with a young gentleman, dark, tall, and of good position, with a view to matrimony.

JANET. medium height, fair, blue eyes, considered pretty, with an income of 200*l.* a year, wishes to correspond with a tall, dark young gentleman with a view to matrimony; money no object.

DIET JACK. twenty-one, black hair, blue eyes, a seaman in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with a young woman, with a view to matrimony; respondent must be fair, of a loving disposition, fond of home and music, and a good Templar.

AURICE and ROSAMOND. two friends, wish to correspond with two dark, good looking young gentlemen, with a view to matrimony. Both are tall, considered good looking, each have a small fortune and think they would make loving wives.

LARKING HARRY. twenty-one, medium height, a seaman in the Royal Navy, considered good looking, would like to correspond with a young woman about his own age.

HARRY TOMMY. twenty-two, a seaman in the Royal Navy, medium height, fair complexion, blue eyes, considered good looking by his shipmates, wishes to correspond with a young lady about his own age, with a view to matrimony.

TOM. twenty-three, tall, fair complexion, blue eyes, a clerk holding a good position in a merchant's office, wishes to correspond with a Roman Catholic young lady about eighteen or nineteen; respondent must be tall, pretty, thoroughly domesticated, and a resident in Newcastle or the North of England.

HARRIET and LILLIE. two friends, would like to correspond with two young men of loving disposition and fond of home. Harriet is rather tall, and Lillie is of medium height.

NAT and HARRY. two solicitors' clerks, respectively twenty and nineteen, medium height, dark complexion, considered handsome, would like to correspond with two good looking young ladies, respectfully connected and with good expectations.

BON. twenty, medium height, considered good looking, would like to correspond with a good looking young lady about the same age; respondent must be dark and fond of home.

ELLA. nineteen, good looking, domesticated, would like to correspond with a young man, with a view to matrimony.

EDNA. thirty, good looking, would like to correspond with a thoroughly domesticated young woman, with a view to matrimony.

EDNA. nineteen, rather tall, dark, good looking, would like to correspond with a dark young gentleman about twenty-two.

R. E. a handsome brunette, twenty, wishes to correspond with a fair young man; respondent must be tall and fond of home.

SAM. twenty, tall, good looking, will have some money when he comes of age, wishes to correspond with a respectable young woman.

HARRIET. twenty, rather dark complexion, considered good looking, would like to correspond with a gentleman about thirty, who must have an income of not less than 400*l.* per annum.

QVIR. medium height, dark hair, a carpenter by trade, wishes to correspond with a young lady between twenty and twenty-two.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

VILLAGE BEAUTY is responded to by—J. C. MacC., who thinks he is all she requires.

LOVING LOUISA by—Freddie, twenty, medium height, fair complexion, in a good position.

CONSTANT JANEY by—H. M. R., twenty-six, tall, fair, of gentlemanly appearance, good education and business habits.

W. by—G. twenty-two, dark good looking and musical, a clerk by profession.

VILLAGE BEAUTY by—B. A., tall, dark, and has a good income.

MIMMY by—Charles, twenty, tall, fair complexion, of a loving disposition, and in a good situation.

E. B. A. by—J. M. P. S. eighteen, medium height, dark hair, blue eyes, well educated, good looking, fond of home and children, good tempered, fond of music, and thinks she is all he requires.

HARRIET by—Harry, twenty-one, rather tall, considered handsome, dark hair and eyes, but possessed of very little money.

ELLA by—Northern Rover, thirty-two, dark, medium height, considered handsome, a seaman in the Royal Navy.

M. M. by—Belladonna. nineteen, good looking, a dress-maker by profession.

ANGIE by—Mark, a retired shopkeeper in good circumstances, thirty-eight, medium height, and considered good looking.

EMMET by—Fannie Flower, eighteen, the daughter of an old-established Devonshire farmer, who thinks she will make a good wife.

POLLY by—Gervase, a navigating lieutenant in the Royal Navy, shortly expecting promotion, twenty-seven, medium height, considered handsome, and fond of music and dancing.

CACI. by—Lovely Flora, nineteen, medium height, very handsome, fond of home, and thinks she is all he requires.

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